A NEW SERIAL, BY S. R. CROCKETT, BEGINS IN THIS NUMBER.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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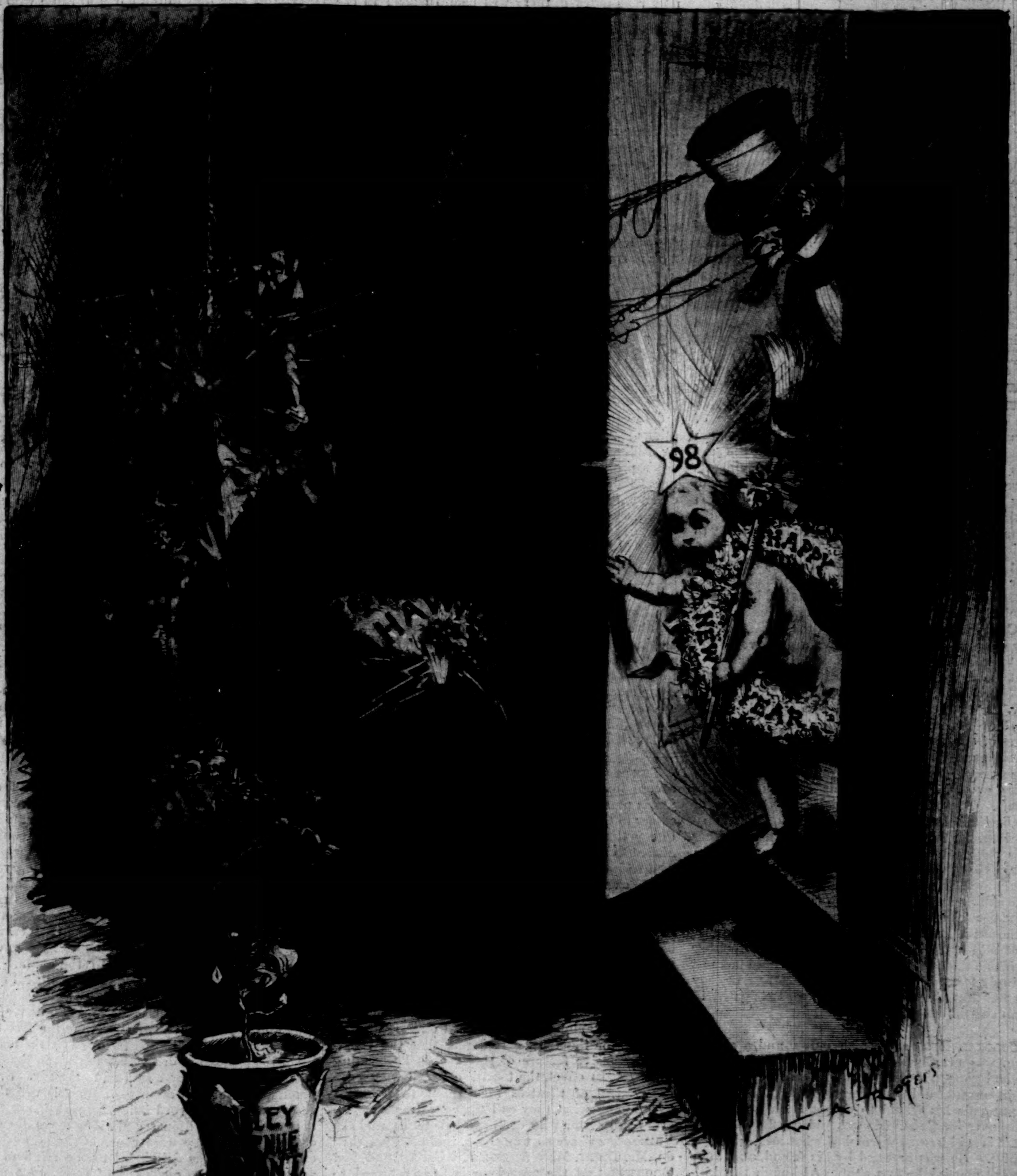

PLENTY OF WORK FOR THE NEW YEAR.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, JANUARY 1, 1898

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IT is clear that not only is Germany determined to retain control of Kiao-chou Bay, but that Great Britain, Russia, Japan, and France all expect to join in a division of Chinese bays and adjoining coasts. Russia has strengthened her force at Port Arthur; and Great Britain, of course with Japan's consent, has entered Wai Hai-wei Bay. The English newspapers are even suggesting that the United States would like a slice of the pork; and doubtless, if we were already in possession of Hawaii, our Jingoes would be clamoring about our "sacred duty" in China, and the necessity of our securing a naval station there. We may be thankful, then, that we have not yet burdened ourselves with foreign complications in the Pacific. As for the German Emperor, his hysterics and his warlike effort to protect religion in China will probably pass his bill for an increase of his navy.

WHEN Secretary GRESHAM and Sir JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE agreed on $425,000 as the sum which the United States ought to pay for the seizure of Canadian sealers, under the Paris award, Congress rejected the agreement on the ground that the sum was exorbitant, and that some of the claimants were American citizens, who were not entitled to any recompense. It is not true, as our English critics say, that this action of Congress was dishonest or dishonorable. Congress had a right to insist on being satisfied that justice be done, and that neither too much nor too little be paid. Senator MORGAN was the chief opponent of paying $425,000. He believed Mr. GRESHAM had been overreached; but by an act of Congress, Judge KING of Canada and Judge PUTNAM of the United States, have examined the testimony, and have found that the $425,000 was about fair. It is discovered that our debt to Canada, with interest, is $464,000.

WILLIAM II., Emperor of Germany, to the superficial eye, is managing his empire very much as some of our sensational publishers manage their newspapers. He is constantly declaring his own importance, and exaggerating the significance of every event in which he or his government plays a part. The other day, at Kiel, he took leave of his brother HENRY, on the departure of that hopeful imperial admiral to China. HENRY is going on a voyage which is not at all likely to end in war. He goes to take possession of Kiao-chou Bay, which China has practically surrendered. The ceremonies at the departure were of such a melodramatic character that they would have been ludicrous if Prince HENRY had really been going to certain battle and probable death. They either furnish a theme for comic opera that could be most fittingly treated by GILBERT and SULLIVAN, or they suggest that the two princes who participated in them should be treated for hysteria.

COLONEL RUIZ, a Spanish officer and a gentleman, was murdered by Cubans a few days ago. He had gone to see his friend Colonel ARANGUREN, an insurgent, and also a gentleman. He wished to persuade his friend to accept Spain's plan for autonomy for Cuba. He was under a flag of truce, but it is said he was warned of what might happen to him. He was arrested by his friend, and, after a court-martial, he was shot. Although this killing was in accordance with the Cuban constitution and with General GARCIA's order, it was nevertheless brutal. The constitutional provision and the order are themselves brutal. WEYLER is a brute. The Spanish soldiers have often shown themselves to be brutes. We fear that the insurgents are not their betters in this respect. The killing of RUIZ was not the act of patriotic soldiers, but of a gang of cruel murderers, from whom talk of WEYLER's barbarities will henceforth be immodest and grotesque.

THE silver men, if we are to believe Senator CHANDLER, are enraged because the administration is undertaking to fulfil its promise to promote sound-money legislation. Although Mr. MCKINLEY can plead that he did nothing until after he had aided DINGLEY to reduce the country's income, and although Mr. GAGE can honestly say that his measure of reform is as small as possible, Mr. CHANDLER threatens the Republican party with vengeance if any currency-reform bill is passed. Why did the Republican party and Mr. MCKINLEY promise currency reform? Is it Mr. CHANDLER's belief that the promise was made for the purpose of deceiving sound-money Democrats into voting his party's ticket? At any rate, the promise gave Mr. MCKINLEY that vote, and if the Republican party now repudiates it, there will be no reason in the future why any Democrat shall ever again vote for any Republican candidate. Fortunately for the party, Mr. MCKINLEY and Mr. GAGE do not agree to Mr. CHANDLER's dishonorable proposition.

IT may be that the people of New York city are at last to enjoy rapid transit, but there is not much hope for it in the opinion of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court on the application to confirm the report of its own commissioners. The majority of the court, in effect, say that the Rapid Transit Commissioners may try to make a contract, but they clearly intimate that the contract can be successfully attacked in court if it provide for the construction of the whole work at once. The Commissioners apparently think that they can avoid this dilemma by making contracts for the building of the road by piecemeal, the sum involved in each contract being safely within the borrowing capacity of the city at the time of making the contract. They rely upon an increase of borrowing capacity by the time they are ready to enter into the next contract, by the natural increase in the assessed values of property within the city, the city's power to borrow being limited to the creation of a debt equal to ten per cent. of the assessed valuations. As it is, however, the minority opinion by Judge INGRAHAM shows conclusively that the city's present margin of borrowing capacity will not sustain the loan of $35,000,000 that will be necessary for the construction of the whole road, without counting the millions for incidental expenses that will be required. Moreover, the bond of $15,000,000 which the court requires from the prospective contractors for surety is so enormous that it seems as if the judges intended to kill the project. It is unfortunate that the judges have dealt with the matter so fully, for although fair-minded men must be greatly impressed by Judge INGRAHAM's reasoning, the decision will, for a time at least, greatly impair the influence of the court; for most men, especially those angry at the loss or postponement of rapid transit, will believe that they are the victims of a court controlled by Tammany or the Manhattan Elevated Railroad—a belief that is doubtless unjust, but inevitable.

THE people of the theatre are greatly stirred up by a combination of New York managers whose object is practically the control of all the theatres and actors in the country. It is just to these managers to say that among them are men who have furnished to the public the best plays and many good companies of actors. But when so mild-mannered a man as Mr. JOSEPH JEFFERSON, one of whose sons is said to be connected in business with the trust, is moved to say of the combination that it is oppressive and injurious to his art, there is reason to believe that the welfare of the dramatic art is really threatened by the trust. Several actors, including Mr. AUGUSTIN DALY, Mr. FRANCIS WILSON, Mr. RICHARD MANSFIELD, and Mrs. MINNIE MADDERN FISK, are forming a hostile combination, and they agree among themselves, in effect, to refuse to play for the trust. It seems that the peculiarly offensive feature of the trust is its booking agency. In effect, the trust is charged with gaining control of theatres throughout the country by refusing what they call their "attractions" to every proprietor who declines their terms, and the "attractions" are so numerous, including, as they do, Mr. DREW, Miss ADAMS, Mr. CRANE, and Mr. GOODWIN, that the proprietor is finally forced to accept their terms. He therefore receives the companies which the trust sends to him, and refuses to receive the others. On the other hand, actors who refuse its terms are prevented from playing in any theatre which the trust controls. Frequently this means that recalcitrant actors and their companies are not permitted to play in certain cities. It is charged, also, that the trust has refused to "book" companies unless a certain player, disliked by it, should be discharged. It is also stated that the press outside of New York and the other larger cities has been threatened with withdrawal of advertisements if the trust's methods were criticised. In effect, it appears that the trust says to actors who are also managers, "You shall play where we wish and on our terms, or we shall drive you into cheap theatres or out of all the cities we control, and they are many." To the proprietors of theatres it says, "You shall exhibit the drama under our dictation, and if you permit certain actors to play in your house we shall deny you the attractions which your public desires." This is certainly an odious tyranny, and the revolt of the players is not to be wondered at. So far as the public is concerned, it ought to be interested in upholding what is called the actor-manager, for the drama flourishes best in the hands of the dramatic profession itself. It is inevitably decadent in the hands of those who love it only for the profits of the box-office. It is to be hoped that the actors who have the capacity for management will regain control of their own art. It will be a sad day for the drama in this country when it falls entirely into the hands of a single trust of managers.

THE MODERN BAR.

A FEW days ago Judge PATTERSON, of the New York Supreme Court, was reported to have said, in the course of an after-dinner speech, that the bar has degenerated; that it is not the equal of the bar of a few years ago in intellect or in learning; that it has ceased to be a profession and has become a trade. Since then Judge PATTERSON has stated that he was not accurately reported, and while there is much indignation at the speech expressed by some lawyers—not always of those who are winged—there is a general inclination and a marked disposition to regard the alleged speech as jocose.

It would be a great pity if the bar should be permitted to escape just chastisement either by a denial that Judge PATTERSON's speech was made, or by surrounding it with the atmosphere of jest. Whether Judge PATTERSON thus criticised the bar or not, or whether he intended his remarks for a joke or not, it is true that the bar is not so respectable as it was thirty years ago; that it is not so distinguished by learning and by character; that the community does not now so much as it did regard the leading lawyers as its leading citizens; and that the atmosphere of the bar is now commercial, whereas it used to be professional. The time is not so distant that men of middle life cannot recall the sacrifice for the community made by CHARLES O'CONOR and his associates; and while some lawyers are now engaged in municipal and other reform movements, they are chiefly old men brought up in old traditions or enthusiastic young men who are moved by the well-defined moral instinct that is felt and manifested by all classes in the country. It is not to the leading lawyers in active life that one now turns first for aid in a great civic crisis, as the community invariably did in the older day. The reason is plain. In the earlier time lawyers belonged not only really but in sentiment to a learned profession, and they spent their lives in the study and advancement of sound principles of public as well as of private law. They lived somewhat removed from the lay community. They were the dignified associates of members of the other learned professions—of the clergy and the physicians. But within a generation all this has changed, and the lawyer is a business man, practising law as a trade in aid of business enterprises and even of speculations, he is governed by precisely the same ethical considerations as govern his adventurous clients, and, in the main, cares little for general constitutional and political questions.

The existence of Mr. CARTER and of others of his type and character does not change the fact that a different code of ethics is followed by the majority of the profession in these days than in the days when Mr. CARTER was admitted to the bar. Sharp practice is more common now than it was then. A lawyer's simple word is less respected now than it was then. Written stipulations are more general now than they were then. Questions of procedure are now as delightful to the mind of the average lawyer as questions of merit once were. What was once unprofessional is now generally permitted. Clients are sought, even touted for, and the young man who honorably declines to accept causes on speculation, or for contingent fees, is likely to go without clients. Even the rascals of the old days carried themselves towards the outside world with a certain professional dignity

which is now observable only among the very best of the modern leaders. So far as the main body of the bar is concerned, it is composed of pushing, energetic men of business who are intent upon gain. Many of them are able and many of them are learned, but ability and learning are employed in the trading spirit, while the delights of learning in which the older lawyers used to take pleasure, to the great advantage of forensic oratory, are no longer a distinction of the legal profession. If one wishes to fathom the low estate to which the English of the bar has sunk, or to note the tone of disrespect which often marks the attitude of the younger bar to the bench, one has only to spend a day in any trial court of the highest jurisdiction in the metropolis.

There is, of course, a reason for this change in the moral and intellectual atmosphere of a great and dignified profession, in the practice of which many strong and pure minds still delight. The eager pursuit of wealth does not explain it. Wealth was pursued as eagerly in the older day as now. The rapid accumulation of fortunes through the gains of science, and through the opening of new fields of enterprise in new lands, does not explain it. Nowhere has there been a greater economic and social revolution on account of new-made riches, and nowhere have the ventures of discovery and exploitation been more excitedly followed than in London, and at no time in the history of the English bar has the barrister been a more dignified figure. The code that obtained at the American bar a generation ago, and that still governs the lives and the practice of the best of our older lawyers, is still observed of the profession in England.

The only explanation for the change that is at all satisfactory is to be found in a cause from which spring a good many other tendencies and evils of our time. When the bar was at its best, when pride in the profession, respect for its traditions, glory in its learning and in its achievements for humanity and for self-government, pervaded the whole body of lawyers; when even the shifty practitioners who were unable to comprehend it, yet paid the respect of hypocrisy to the beauty and dignity of the code of ethics which was as the conscience of the lawyer, the educational system of the country had not been revolutionized by utilitarianism. The old theory was that the youth seeking a liberal education should be withdrawn from the world for four years, for the study of the humanities and for the training of his intellect in the retirement and seclusion of his college. For four years he was guided by teachers who undertook to teach him himself, to give him control of himself, and to make him know and feel the intellectual and spiritual heights to which the antique mind had attained. Out of the old-fashioned college, or taught according to its system, came first the great clergy who dominated New England thought; most of the writers who gave us our first noteworthy literature; the statesmen who won the admiration of CHATHAM by the conservatism, the wisdom, and the ability of their address to the crown, who afterwards framed the Constitution, and then interpreted it. Out of the old-fashioned college came, also, the great lawyers and judges of the early part of the century, and most of the lawyers who, in our time, are preserving the best traditions of their profession.

The new spirit which animates our universities and colleges is not conducive to the dignified retirement in which the healthful aloofness of a cult is preserved, in which a priesthood, whether it be of religion or of the law, keeps itself unspotted from the world. The modern boy is tossed into the arena of competitive struggle when he is sent to a university or a college, and is told to prepare himself for the business of making money. Not that there are no scholars nor instruction in the modern babels. There is more scholarship and there is more opportunity than ever before. But the atmosphere is hostile to reflection, and it would be as pertinent to ask a Brahmin to fulfil his destiny in a boiler-shop as to demand of the average boy that he saturate his mind and soul with the humanities in the midst of the noisy competitions of companions who are training themselves in the arts of getting the better of one another in the future business struggles of the world. It is impossible, of course, to discuss the relative merits of the old and the new system of education in an editorial, but if any of our readers desire to pursue the subject further we refer them to Professor PECK's enlightening essay on the "Downward Drift in American Education," which is to be found in his recently published volume of essays, entitled *The Personal Equation*. Our reason for alluding to the subject at all is for the purpose of offering an explanation for not only the downward drift, but the actual fall of the American bar from a learned profession to a trade. The moral is clear. If boys are taught that life is trading, all their efforts will be for success in trading. If the country wants men who love learning and who have high and spiritual ideals, we must have some institutions of learning where utilitarianism does not thrust out the humanities.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM AND THE PEOPLE.

WITH the politicians who advocate a return to the spoils system it has become a favorite argument that civil service reform as embodied in the existing law is not popular, and that if the question whether it should be sustained or abandoned were submitted to a vote of the people, there would be a large majority adverse to it. In support of this allegation they refer us to the loud clamor for the opening of the gates of the classified service which is kept up with growing impatience by a certain class of party workers; to the flood of letters certain members of Congress—such as Mr. GROSVENOR from Ohio and Senator GALLINGER from New Hampshire—are receiving, in which the repeal of the civil service law is vehemently demanded; and to the fact that a "civil service amendment" to the Constitution of Maryland, voted upon by the people of that State at the last election, was defeated.

As to the clamor proceeding from the ranks of party workers for the repeal of the civil service law, and as to the multitude and the urgency of the letters containing the same demand which encumber the mail of certain members of Congress, the facts are admitted. But those facts do not prove that *the people* are against civil service reform. They prove only that a number of persons who have long been anxious to get to the public crib without passing the examinations prescribed by the civil service law are now shouting more loudly than ever before, because they think that if their present chance pass away they will never have another; and that as the President is unwilling to break his and the party's pledges, these persons are all the more glad to find in the Senate and the House of Representatives men of more elastic conscience, into whose bosoms they can pour their woes without any fear of alarming a sage intelligence, and whom they can hope to excite to incessant vociferation in the advocacy of their desires. It is a well-known fact that persons who want things to which their title is questionable are apt to become the most prolific letter-writers; and if the members of Congress who hear so much from the enemies of civil service reform would only publish the names of their correspondents, it would at once become manifest how little these deserve to be called "the people."

It was a significant coincidence, with a touch of humor in it, that during the recent annual meeting of the National Civil Service Reform League, in Cincinnati, the principal Republican morning paper in that city, the *Commercial Tribune*, while publishing on one page a flaming onslaught upon the civil service law from the pen of Representative GROSVENOR, who insists that "the people" are imperiously calling for its abolition, repeated editorially on another page its own emphatic endorsement of President MCKINLEY's saying that "the system has the approval of the people," and added that "this is a sentiment in harmony with the belief of an overwhelming majority of the citizens of Cincinnati, of Ohio, and of the Union." And what the members of the Civil Service Reform League saw and heard of the citizens of Ohio went far to confirm that judgment.

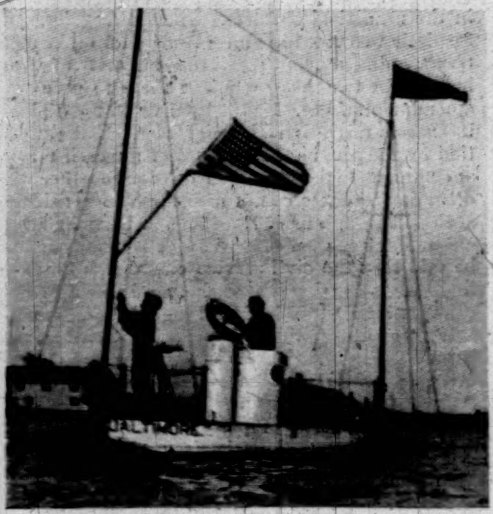
Nor is the result of the recent vote in Maryland to be considered as a sign of a drift in the opposite direction. The civil service reformers of that State had drafted an amendment to the State Constitution which they desired the Legislature to submit to the people. The amendment came out of the Legislature in so disfigured a shape that it was doubtful whether its adoption would not rather discredit than advance the cause of civil service reform. Had the amendment been such as the friends of that cause desired, an energetic campaign would have been made in its favor. As it was, that plan was of course abandoned. And, more than that, while some of the civil service reformers thought it best to give the amendment a nominal countenance, others declared themselves frankly against it. It had virtually no advocates. No wonder that it failed! It is more surprising that it received even as many votes as it did.

But wherever the merit system has been submitted to a popular vote in good faith, it has issued triumphantly from the contest. In Chicago it received an astonishing majority. In Evanston, Illinois, and in Seattle and Tacoma, State of Washington, the people emphatically sanctioned its embodiment in the municipal charters. In Los Angeles, California, it was voted upon, together with other charter amendments, and received a majority of votes, but not the two-thirds required there to give such amendments force. Had it been voted upon alone, its success might have been greater. The ratification by the people of New York of the civil service amendment to the State Constitution, together with other amendments, can, of course, not be considered such a triumph as it would have been had that clause been ratified separately; but it may indeed be said that the civil service clause was far from impeding the adoption of the whole body of new constitutional provisions, and that ever since, while being attacked by the spoils politicians, it has, in a steadily increasing measure, enjoyed the decided favor of public opinion, and found vigorous defence in the best part of the press of the State without distinction of party. It is therefore the declared policy of the friends of civil service reform to secure, wherever possible, the submission of the embodiment of the merit system in State constitutions and in municipal charters to the popular vote, with the full confidence that the system needs only full and fair discussion to secure for it the approval of the sound sense and the patriotism of good citizens.

This confidence grows stronger as in the discussions now going on two things are constantly becoming clearer to the popular understanding. One is the democratic quality of the competitive principle upon which the merit system is based. The artful pretence of the spoils politicians, that the examinations as they are held under the civil service law give college-bred men an undue advantage over all others, and are therefore calculated to impart to the public service an aristocratic character, has long been exploded by statistics proving that where the merit system was in force not more than ten per cent. of the successful candidates have been college graduates, and outside of the scientific branches of the service hardly more that six per cent. But that pretence was intended to obscure to the popular eye the important fact that not the merit system but the spoils system is the aristocratic one, inasmuch as it makes the obtaining and the keeping of public employment dependent upon the favor of the powerful, which favor can be won and retained only by political or personal service; and that not the spoils system, but the merit system is the democratic one, inasmuch as it opens the way to public employment through free competition alike to the poor and the rich, to the lowly and the powerful, on equal terms, without regard to personal or political service rendered or to be rendered, and as it thus gives the best man the best chance independently of the favor of anybody. The more clearly this vital difference between the two systems impresses itself upon the popular mind, the more generally it will be recognized that the merit system embodying the great democratic principle of the equality of opportunity before the law is, in the truest sense of the term, the people's cause, and that its assailants are enemies to the right of every citizen freely to compete for public employment without being dependent upon the favor of the powerful. And there are many signs indicating that those most interested, the masses of the people, are beginning keenly to appreciate this feature of the question.

The second thing that promises good results is the impression produced by the kind of warfare at present being waged against the civil service law in Washington. The brutal cynicism with which certain Republican Senators and Representatives kick aside the solemn pledges of their party contained in its national platforms for a quarter of a century—pledges upon which the party has constantly asked for the votes of the people—shocks the popular conscience. From day to day it is becoming more evident that those who clamor for the repeal, or at least the virtual emasculation, of the civil service law have not taken the trouble to inform themselves even of the simplest facts, but put forth the most astonishing falsehoods about the operation of the law with an unscrupulousness beyond belief. The ignorant and flippant recklessness with which they misrepresent the effects of the merit system cannot fail to convince any candid mind that they have nothing in view but the distribution of spoils among their hangers-on, no matter how the public interest may suffer. And when they threaten the President with "trouble in the party" unless he do things which they know would morally ruin him, the spectacle is simply revolting to the popular sense of decency. Indeed, the assailants of the merit system in Congress will have no reason to be surprised if before long they hear something very disagreeable to them from "the people" whose approbation of their course they claim with such noisy assurance.

CARL SCHURZ.



LAKE'S SUBMARINE BOAT—JUST BEFORE THE START.

LAKE'S SUBMARINE BOAT IN DRY DOCK AT BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.—[SEE PAGE 6.]

ENGLAND'S LITTLE WAR IN INDIA.

[Special Correspondence of HARPER'S WEEKLY.]

BARA CAMP, NEAR PESHAWAR, *November 12, 1897.*

ELEPHANTS have been used in warfare since days beyond history, but it has been reserved for the Peshawar column of the British force now suppressing the belligerent Afridis and other tribesmen on the northwestern frontier of India to establish a precedent in the matter of a heavy battery of artillery, in which the big 12-pounders are packed on the backs of the great [illegible]utes, like the light sectional guns on the backs of mules in a mountain battery. As long as artillery has been known in this country the elephant has been used to drag cannon, but despite a more or less useful record in this matter of traction, there are still those who have doubts as to his utility in his new rôle. He is too sagacious and too powerful for the job. Though no coward at heart, he appreciates the vast utility of prudence, and (if wounded in an encounter the merits of which he does not understand nor desire to understand, but which he knows affects no personal interests of his own,) he is liable to get out of harm's way with the utmost expedition that his enormous bulk is capable of. If one of the fifteen elephants in a battery bolts, the other fourteen are morally certain to follow his sagacious example; and if fifteen elephants, each with half a ton of artillery on his back, go pelting backwards through a long column in one of the narrow defiles that the country hereabouts abounds in, then somebody is sure to get hurt.

The enemy knows this, he has good marksmen, and the elephant is an easy target, and hence the reluctance of General Hammond, who commands the Peshawar column, in the matter of accepting this new arm within the circle of his troops at Bara. It takes, as has been stated, fifteen elephants to carry the six guns of a battery—six elephants for the unmounted guns, six for their heavy carriages, and three for spare wheels and stores. The ammunition is carried in leather-covered boxes on the backs of mules or ponies, as in the case of a mountain battery. Theoretically the battery can be brought into action in about six minutes, but the risks are so many that some persons who are considered war wise declare that no officer would dare to dismount his guns in the vicinity of an enemy. In case of any accident it would take so long to pack up again and get away that the pieces would probably have to be spiked.

LAKE'S SUBMARINE BOAT—GOING DOWN.

When a gun has to be carried away, the gun elephant comes alongside the piece and kneels down, while the gunners unlimber the gun itself, which is then lifted up bodily by the men, who carry it shoulder high to the skids that are placed against the animal's side. There ropes are slung around the piece, while a man stays at either end to steady it. Another man is posted on the back of the elephant to drop the piece into its wooden cradle when it reaches the top of the skids. The rope that is looped under the gun is then passed over the elephant's back, where it is grasped by the balance of the gun's detachment, who haul on it like sailors on a sheet until it drops into its groove in the cradle, which is strapped tightly over the pad—some eighteen inches thick—on the elephant's back. A very similar operation has next to be gone through with the carriage, only it takes longer. The carriage itself is first lifted up, then the wheels, which have been detached while the hoisting was going on, are lifted up by four men apiece and refitted to their axles. All this takes time—too much time, according to some people. A regular mountain-battery gun can be unshipped and brought into action in thirty seconds. The weight of the gun is about nine hundred pounds, and that of the carriage about twelve hundred. There are twelve men to each gun, not counting the driver, or *mahout*, who sits on the elephant's neck. One of the photographs sent herewith shows a Maxim-gun detachment. Whatever the elephant batteries may prove to be, there can be no doubting the fact that the Maxim is a splendid auxiliary to infantry troops, and the men seem inspired with extra confidence when they see it brought into use on their side during an action. E. A. M.

NEW STYLE OF ELEPHANT BATTERY, WITH THE PESHAWAR COLUMN—TIRAH FIELD FORCE, FORT BARA, INDIA.

MAXIM-GUN DETACHMENT, OXFORDSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY AT FORT BARA, INDIA.

Sir Godfrey (Mr. O'Donnell). *Lady Pamela* (Miss Williams). *Captain Scarlet* (Mr. O'Mara). *Lady Constance* (Miss Clark).

SCENE FROM ACT I. OF "THE HIGHWAYMAN," SMITH AND DE KOVEN'S COMIC OPERA, AS PERFORMED AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE, NEW YORK.

MUSIC.

COMPARISONS in music ought to be deemed less odious than contrasts between incomes or noses. The operatic clock of Mr. Harry B. Smith and Mr. Reginald De Koven, so long partners in the crime of comic-opera making, by no means invariably has struck twelve since the days of their "Robin Hood" as a novelty. Sometimes it has not struck seven. In "The Highwayman," a new three-act piece now in its third week at the Broadway Theatre, the note of a real success is full.

There is no particular need to give a summary of Mr. Smith's brisk plot. "The Highwayman" embodies—all from a librettist's vague and irresponsible stand-point—much lively dialogue, many effective, conventional, neatly defined characters as the stage wants them, and gallops along nicely with—curious to note—neither blood nor thunder of an out-and-out sort. In all the romance not so much as one big holster pistol is cracked off, first, last, or in the middle. When it comes to pulling a trigger, Mr. Smith's gallant *Captain Scarlet* and *Lady Constance Sinclair* are as economical as Offenbach's brigands, who are always pointing bulky blunderbusses, but carefully abstain from the crude vulgarity of a shooting-match.

As to Mr. De Koven's music, Mr. De Koven has not written as fresh-seeming and as vigorous a little score since—well, we all know what. There is not a tedious episode in his three acts, nor a number that we would wish curtailed or away, unless it be the introduction to one act, and an ambitious lyric of a florid kind that Miss Hilda Clark sings—though the latter might be acceptable were it even tolerably sung. The orchestration has the purpose and point that one has looked for in vain in the instances of Mr. De Koven's operettas recently preceding this one. His songs are graceful; the concerted writing, solid and neat, is ambitious, but justifies itself, unless in the finali. Mr. De Koven somehow does not yet understand—at least not securely—the art of condensing and upbuilding an effective, vivid finale, with all his clever technical carpentry. Even in "The Highwayman" a strong act is impotently concluded. But we can afford to forgive a composer this weakness, exactly as we can afford to forgive him those suggestions (liberal to any auditor with a good memory and with a long theatrical experience) of melodic ideas not unknown to Mr. De Koven's predecessors in opera-making. Originality in a contemporary composer's themes? The melody, the treatment, that shall never hint at a man's operatic forebears, from Pergolesi and "La Serva Padrona" to Massenet's "Sapho"? Truly the operetta-composer who purposes being original for five minutes together has to travel on a road much harder than the proverbial Jordan. Unluckily, too, his route is not nearly so well known.

"The Highwayman" is capitally acted, for the most part excellently sung, and in the details of the stage-setting and the mechanical details of the piece it is a credit to the management in no common degree. Mr. Joseph O'Mara (*Captain Scarlet*), Mr. Van Renssalaer Wheeler (*Captain Rodney*), Mr. Jerome Sykes, who is extremely droll as *Constable Quiller*, and Mr. Harry Macdonough as the ambitious and love-struck *Toby Winkle*, are all acceptable as actors and as singers in their parts. Nothing will give Mr. O'Mara a romantic bearing, but he is not impossible as a highway gallant. Miss Hilda Clark is a *Lady Constance* as pretty as a Dresden figurine, and a lively actress, whose good voice only needs some approach to decent tuition (before tuition is too late) to be also a more than endurable singer—which last she hardly is at present. Miss Maud Williams dramatically is entirely acceptable as the willowy and anxious *Lady Pamela*, and sings agreeably withal. As for Miss Nellie Braggins, her activities as *Doll Primrose*—a barmaid of romantic fancy—and her cockney pronunciation of a word that on her lips becomes "'Ero," are the joy of the audience before the first scenes are ended. Praise for a large share in so specially smooth a representation belongs to Mr. Freeman, the stage-manager, and to Mr. De Novellis, as musical director. By-the-bye, it is stated that this novelty at the theatre in question is an effort toward making the house one exclusively and continuously busy with comic operas by the same company. With a more accomplished group of women singers the idea is certainly to be commended.

Almost from music's outset the trick on its part to slip outside of its real demesne has been obvious. Recently such campaigning has been plaguily aggressive. From merely suggestion we are invited to pass to orchestral description, from description to rank realism, from realism to the dressing up of philosophy, religion, psychology, and goodness knows what not else that is intangible. There seem to be no limits to contemporary programme-music of the superintellectual sort; and those theories about the article in question which have been so brilliantly used, or so grotesquely abused, by Berlioz, Wagner, and their imitators, every now and then break forth into a wild illustration that makes one gasp and long to call a halt. In forms of musical

"TOBY" IS ARRESTED.

"DOLL PRIMROSE" (MISS BRAGGINS) AND "TOBY WINKLE" (MR. MACDONOUGH).

MR. JEROME SYKES AS "FOXY QUILLER."

art ordinarily lucid the attention of auditors has been asked toward "underlying ideas," profoundly essential "leading motives," deep "philosophical significances," in a score, to a degree that would have driven crazy with righteous indignation Bach and Mozart and Beethoven and Schubert—not to speak of other composers that on the whole we really must consider of equally decent abilities. The last concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra presented a special example of this sort of composition—of the kind of music intended to be far more than good or bad music. "Thus Spake Zarathustra," a symphonic poem by Richard Strauss, the now well-known Munich composer and conductor, was presented for the first time in this city. Strauss's score is yet a novelty in Germany, as to many concert-centres; and many places are not likely to hear it at all.

This Richard Strauss is an astonishing genius at orchestration. He early wrote on his banner elaborate and unblushing musical realism. He defined betimes, also, his aim at building up a musical work on an "intellectual" basis. He is young, a Decadent, and—unfortunately—his actual sanity is occasionally said to be doubted by his best friends. In an earlier symphonic poem, "Death and Glorification," Strauss "described" musically everything that may belong to a man's dissolution, from a flickering out soul to the harps of heaven. On the present occasion Strauss is inspired to commit to music the crazy mysteries of the crazy Frederick Nietzsche, conveyed in the latter's poem "Thus Spake Zarathustra." The poem has nothing to do with Zoroaster or with the lofty and simple religion called from the Sage One of Persia. With what, then, does it have to do instead? What has Strauss tried to paint musically? Let us indeed see. In twelve pages of solid philosophical analysis we read of, *imprimis*, The Over-man; *item*, "Transvaluation of Life"; *item*, of "The Dwellers in the Rear World"; *item*, of the "Yearning," of the "Convalescence" of the Soul, and in chaotic succession of at least a dozen more choice psychological dainties. They are all put into Mr. Strauss's dish, and supposed to sing together like the four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in the pie. It was absolute pain to see the awed intentness of the night's audience on Riemann's explanatory sermon to "Thus Spake Zarathustra," printed with the programme.

But the relief to all such tortured souls is not yet barred. For, after all, what have we to do with all this farrago of a composer's inspiration, forsooth? The indiscretion is in his letting us know of it at all. Injury comes in expecting our entrance into it. No wonder we are antagonized. To the winds with your psychologic or poetic analyses! Away with your Wolzogenish catalogues of hidden "meanings," and all your fardel of solemn bosh or of semi-musical rhapsody! The question is not how a musical work comes to exist, but what it is when finished and extant. It would be really nothing necessarily worthy of more than remark from a spectator if he knew that the "Winged Victory" had been "inspired" by a Welsh rabbit, or that the "Aurora" of Guido was a conception originally evolved on the lines of a skirt-dance. We have merely to make up our minds whether one is a good piece of sculpture, the other a good picture.

Dismissing, then, any superfluous interest in Nietzsche's poem "inspiring" Strauss, and hearing the score simply as a new and up-to-date musical work, it is perceived to be a splendid piece of orchestration, built on certain musical motives (for the most part effective and clearly defined) interesting as we hear it, and reaching to gorgeous and very musical climaxes. The technical complications in it are so great that there is often the effect of noble simplicity. It is full of variety in subject and rhythm, full of amazing and beautiful orchestral color, and of bewildering effectiveness to the ear. Nobody need understand anything about its literary or intellectual source to find it so. It will bear inclusion in the repertory of any orchestra capable of playing it. It is a far more dignified and beautiful work as music than anything its composer had previously written. Unluckily, like so much of the music of the day, it is deficient in that inner musical eloquence which is not to be discounted. No matter how sumptuous the instrumental effects, it will not live. Its score will be catching dust when Mozart's "Don Giovanni" or the best pages of the composer of the Heroic Symphony (on whose birthday came this concert) are held in undiminished regard. The difficulties in it are appalling. Under Mr. Paur and by the Boston orchestra named, its performance was a triumph.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

THE LAKE SUBMARINE BOAT.

THE Lake submarine boat *Argonaut* achieved satisfactory if not brilliant results in its recent experimental trial in the Patapsco River at Baltimore. Even granting the specially favorable circumstances, still the inventor proved he could run his boat at a moderate speed on the surface, take a fairly large company under water, prowl about in any desired direction on the bottom, send out and work a diver freed to a great degree from the hamper of entangling gear, and, after remaining under water over four hours, bring the craft and its adventurous company promptly and safely to the surface. Two dives were thus made, and when landed all hands united in praising the comfort and safety of the essay.

For descriptive purposes the craft may be roughly divided into three sections—the forward one being the working-hold of the diver, that amidships the living-quarters and the boiler-room, and that aft the engine and machinery space. In the bow air-tight doors, constituting a "lock," permit the bottom trap, which gives egress, to be lifted, while the inflow of the water is restrained by the requisite compression of the air. Stout bull's-eyes are fitted into these doors and into the hull, and a search-light of about four thousand candle-power will be carried. This is an important factor in extending the zone of work and of multiplying the efficiency of the divers.

In the living-quarters air is furnished, when the depth is not too great, through funnel-masts extending above the surface, and, when these cannot be employed, through flexible tubes, or in the greatest depths from reservoirs of compressed air. This is not especially difficult, for submarine boats here and abroad have dived and remained below for hours without discomfort, where the only supply of air came from this or similarly installed sources. The fire-power, other than for propulsion or for crawling about, is furnished by gasoline-engines, an improved form of this having, after many experimentations, been found to give the best results. Of course many special appliances are fitted to the boat, and the interior seems a net-work of confusing pipes and valves; but the ease and simplicity with which the inventor functioned his boat proved all this to be an admired disorder deftly planned.

The scientific relations of buoyancy apparently have been carefully determined, and the certainty with which the work of submersion, such as the dropping of the anchor, the filling of the water-ballast tanks, the winding down of the boat to her anchorage, and her steadiness and stiffness, was secured argues well for the ultimate success of the craft in waters which are neither too deep nor too rough on the surface. A little tank fleet of cargo-boats to accompany the working-machine is promised, and if only a tithe of the hundred millions of dollars which are, on good authority, lost yearly be recovered, the American boat and its native inventor will deservedly reap a rich reward.

J. D. JERROLD KELLEY.

THE FIRST NATIONAL FLAG.

PROSPECT HILL (known also as Mount Pisgah) was the strongest fortification of the American army during the siege of Boston, and it was here that the Union flag was unfurled for the first time January 1, 1776, the day on which the new Continental army was organized.

Upon that day copies of the King's speech at the opening of Parliament had been sent from Boston by General Howe to Washington. The speech was one better fitted to arouse opposition than submission to the English throne. It stated that the British nation was too spirited and powerful to give up those colonies which had been protected for so many years with "much expense of blood and treasure"; that both its army and navy had been strengthened, and that negotiations for foreign aid were already entered into. The English authorities entertained great hopes of the salutary effects of this message from the throne to the rebellious Americans. Accordingly the hoisting of the Union flag and the discharge of thirteen guns that saluted it were hailed with great delight by the British officers, who supposed it to be a token of submission to the crown.

Referring to these circumstances, Washington, in a letter to Joseph Reed, dated January 4, 1776, said: "The speech I send you. A volume of them were sent out by the Boston gentry, and, farcical enough, we gave great joy to them without knowing or intending it. For on that day—the day which gave being to our new army, but before the proclamation came to hand—we had hoisted the *Union flag*, in compliment to the united colonies. But, behold! it was received in Boston as a token of the deep impression the speech made upon us, and as a signal of submission. So we hear by a person out of Boston last night. By this time, I presume, they begin to think it strange that we have not made a formal surrender of our lines."

The Annual Register of 1776 gives a more detailed description of the flag. It says, "So great was the rage and indignation [of the Americans] that they burned the speech and *changed their colors from a plain red ground, which they had hitherto used, to a flag with thirteen stripes*, as a symbol of the number and the union of the colonies."

Previous to this, so-called "Union flags" were sometimes displayed, but were merely British standards with the legend "Liberty and Property," or "Liberty and Union," set upon the field as emblems of colonial rights and principles.

In 1855 the historian Benson J. Lossing discovered a contemporary colored drawing that for the first time rendered an authentic presentment of the flag. It was a sketch of the *Royal Savage* (Arnold's flag vessel on Lake Champlain in the battle of October, 1776). An ensign was depicted flying at the mast-head. This flag displayed the British union—the combined crosses of St. George and St. Andrew—in the usual upper corner, but the field had been changed from the solid red into alternate stripes of red and white. It was doubtless the union jack in the corner of the flag hoisted at Cambridge that caused the English to misinterpret it—to suppose that the Americans intended to submit once more to the rule of George the Third.

The colonial Union flag of thirteen stripes was also displayed in Pennsylvania during the year. A letter describing the departure of the American fleet under Admiral Hopkins from Philadelphia, in February, says it sailed "amidst the acclamations of thousands assembled on the joyful occasion, under display of a Union flag, *with thirteen stripes in the field, emblematical of the thirteen united colonies.*"

After allegiance to the British crown had been thrown off, the jack bearing the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew became inappropriate, and on the 14th of June, 1777, the Continental Congress passed the following resolution:

> *Resolved*, That the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white, on a blue field, representing a new constellation.

The illustration represents the ceremony of raising the new colonial flag. The scene depicts the interior of the fortifications on Prospect Hill, looking southeast across the Charles River toward Bartons Point in Boston.

The colonial troops, while much better organized than ever before, were still without a regular uniform, the occasional buckskin hunting dress of the Southern riflemen or of the frontiersmen being in picturesque contrast to the bucolic homespun of the New England minutemen.

Washington's uniform is described in a letter written July 20, 1775, thus: "His dress is a blue coat with buff-colored facings, a rich epaulette on each shoulder, buff underdress, and an elegant small-sword; a black cockade in his hat."

Three of the cannon used at this time are now planted upon Cambridge's common. They date from the reign of George the Second.

The profile of Boston, it may be said, has been rendered as carefully as possible from contemporary drawings and prints of the period. Edes & Gills North American for 1770 contains an engraving by Paul Revere, entitled "Landing of the Troops in Boston, 1768," which gives an approximate view of that city, with its beacon, towers, and spires. Besides this, Lieutenant Williams of the Royal Welsh Fusileers, while stationed in Boston under General Gage, made a panoramic view in colors of the country surrounding the city. A copy of this drawing is in the cabinet of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

The vessel in the middle distance represents one of the British war-ships guarding the approaches to the city.

CLYDE O. DELAND.

THE PICTURES OF A FAMOUS COLLECTOR.

THERE died recently in Paris an American of means, leisure, and discriminating taste, whose house contained a rare lot of artistic treasures, and whose picture-gallery was one of the noted æsthetic centres of a city by no means lacking in such things. The man was William H. Stewart, and his collection has been brought across the water to his own country, where it will be shortly sold at auction, and, prior to which, it will be shown at the galleries of the American Art Association, on East Twenty-third Street.

Mr. Stewart's gallery was not only attractive by reason of the excellence of his collection, but it had the added distinction of containing many pictures of world-wide fame and a large number of examples of one of the most brilliant painters of the century—the Spaniard Fortuny—whose pictures were the talk of Europe, and whose work possessed the charm of originality, of dainty invention, and of astonishingly brilliant technique. No less than twenty-five of his canvases were hung in the splendid residence of Mr. Stewart in the Avenue de Jena. From the moment of the painter's appearance on the artistic horizon of Paris this American became a faithful patron, buying liberally and choosing intelligently, while the acquaintance beginning with almost the first purchase ripened into a warm friendship that only ended with the lamentable death of the young artist. So it happened that Mr. Stewart became the owner of such works by Fortuny as "Arab Fantasia," a picture containing such action and movement as few men ever put into a canvas before, and his most important "Academicians choosing a Model." This picture has been reproduced in many mediums, and marks perhaps the highest point of Fortuny's skill; it is a marvel of execution no less than a composition of wonderful interest.

Then there was the well-remembered "Antiquary," with its quaint old art enthusiasts lingering over portfolios, while there were Fortunys galore of breakfast parties in the open air, of men in ancient armor and garb, of Arabs and negroes and of dainty women in fetching gowns. In short, almost every note in the gifted Spanish painter's gamut was sounded in this attractive collection. Nor were others of his clever countrymen missing; for there are recalled able and wonderfully clever performances by Ribera, and pictures by the gifted Zamacois, who, like Fortuny, was stricken down untimely. His portrait of the "Infanta," dainty and quaint, and the clever "Checkmate" well represent his talent. Then there were Madrazo, painter of attractive women, and Rico, of whom Mr. Stewart secured a dozen pictures in his best manner before the artist gave himself quite over to the dealers. Here he signed astonishingly dexterous bits of architecture, landscapes, and glimpses of Paris, of great beauty, whether he worked in oil or water-colors.

The visitor who recalls the collection as it hung in Paris will remember that the pictures, as a general rule, were of modest size, and that Mr. Stewart was attracted by work of careful finish and much detail; but while insisting on precision, the owner was discriminating in his choice, and there are few of the pictures that do not possess all the bigger qualities as well. He may be said to have laid nearly all the art races under tribute. The Germans—Wilhelm Leibl and Adolf Menzel, two of the world's great artists—are splendidly in evidence, the former with some types of "Village Politicians," a picture that created a sensation when it was first shown in Paris, and the latter with a water-color of scarcely less ability and importance. Then from the famous Meissonier at least two panels are recalled, each characteristic of the *peintre des petites choses*, one of which, "End of a Game of Cards," was not only painted in great detail, but possessed a dramatic interest the man seldom gave to his compositions, and that, with all its elaboration, was kept broad and simple.

An important painting and one with a history is Paul Baudry's "Pearl and the Wave," a nude figure of exquisite delicacy, beautifully painted, which once hung in the boudoir of the Empress Eugénie.

Still one more painting comes from the lamented Baudry, the replica of his Luxembourg canvas "Fortune and the Child," in his best manner of work. To the average New-Yorker the name of Léon Bonnat immediately suggests strong, personally treated, life-size portraits of eminent French politicians or prosperous American merchants. But at the Salon of 1866 this same Bonnat sent a composition containing a number of figures not over six or eight inches high, painted with an exquisite detail and an elaboration that excited the liveliest approbation. Mr. Stewart promptly secured the canvas, and its excellence will be at once recognized.

With all these brilliant painters there are, in addition, the more sober men of 1830: Corot, with two examples; Daubigny, with a fine river-side landscape; Rousseau, with a wood interior; Decamps, Harpignies, and Troyon, with five canvases; for Mr. Stewart was catholic in his tastes, and did not confine himself to one school. There are also works by Alfred Stevens and Heilbuth, painters of beautiful women, while the American Humphrey Moore and the Russian Pettenkofen are also represented.

Mr. Stewart's gallery contained perhaps the largest and best collection of the popular Roman-Spanish school ever brought together. As a boy, living on his father's plantation in Cuba, he had become fluent in the Spanish tongue, and when the young Spanish painters came to Paris, Mr. Stewart's house, generously kept and ever open to the artist, was the first place that attracted them. It seems a pity to dissipate a collection unique of its kind, and it will be interesting to watch the outcome of the sale, in view of the present somewhat confused art tendencies of the picture-buying public.

ARTHUR HOEBER.

THIS BUSY WORLD

NOTHING is forgotten in Boston. A cautious citizen of that town observes with concern the enormous and increasing number of evergreen trees that are cut off in their youth to serve as Christmas trees, and writes a terrifying letter to the *Transcript* calling attention to this peril which threatens the evergreen forests, and demanding investigation and statistics. The case as he makes it out is somewhat appalling, since he has learned that 600,000 Christmas trees were brought to Philadelphia alone last year, besides all that were sawed off with oiled saws in the night in private grounds. He says, too, that America, besides supplying the home market, exports whole ship-loads of Christmas trees to Europe. It all sounds very ominous, yet there is solace in the knowledge that it only takes five or six years to grow a Christmas tree, and that there is no very obvious reason why they should not be raised in nurseries in sufficient numbers to meet any demand. Then, too, we are entitled to get further reassurance from the reports of statisticians that American families are constantly decreasing in numbers, and that in Massachusetts in particular the time seems imminent when there will be no children to speak of, and then the demand for Christmas trees will necessarily abate. What Philadelphia could do with 600,000 Christmas trees is matter for explanation, unless that town is a great distributing-point for them.

We are invited to hope that the familiar stories about the extremely perishable quality of modern book-paper are exaggerated, and that the books of our day are more durable than has been supposed. A committee of the Society of Arts, in London, which was recently appointed to investigate the deterioration of paper, lately reported that there have been periodical complaints of the sort it was charged to look into for the last six centuries, and probably longer. Soon after the art of paper-making was introduced from Africa into Spain it was complained, and probably with justice, that the Christian paper was inferior to that made by the Moors. About 1220 an Italian emperor issued a proclamation forbidding the use of paper in transcribing public documents. In 1336 Peter II. of Spain stirred up the paper-makers of Valencia "to restore the paper to its good old quality," or look out for disagreeable consequences. So it has been from time to time ever since.

The current charge against book and news paper is that it is nearly all made of wood, and won't hold together or keep its color so long as rag paper. This is probably true of most news paper, which is mainly composed of ground wood and clay. According, however, to a recent article in the *Evening Post*, all wood paper has greatly improved. The ground-wood paper is brittle and changes color, but the wood chemically prepared has a pretty good fibre, which, though it is not so long as rag fibre, does make respectable paper, which is fit for its use in making the better class of books.

The enormous demand for paper, which, by-the-way, is vastly more dangerous to our forests than the demand for Christmas trees, keeps the paper-makers in constant search for raw material, as well as on a constant strain to reduce the cost of manufacture. In almost all branches of manufacture the cost of production has been prodigiously reduced in the last twenty years, but the way the paper-makers have cut their prices in two has been as extraordinary as the cheapening of steel.

Cotton cloth was sold the other day in New England at the lowest price it ever brought. Reasons: over-production in dull times, and the competition of the Southern cotton-mills. What is going to be the upshot of the competition of those Southern mills? Will the cotton States finally get even with New England by filching away one of her greatest industries? A layman must not discuss such a subject; but the cost of living in Georgia must be less than in Massachusetts, and that and the obvious saving in freights make one wonder whether, in the end the Massachusetts mill hands won't have to go South and help to counterbalance the negro vote. There must be very hard thinking in New Bedford and Fall River and Lawrence and other towns over the current problems of cotton-spinning.

An interesting despatch comes from London about the recent protest of the Royal College of Physicians and the Royal College of Surgeons against "the contempt and neglect" with which military doctors are treated. They are subjected, it is averred, to every kind of slight, with the result that competent and self-respecting medical men shun the service, which gets "the scum of the profession." It is easy to see how such an evil as this would grow. Bad treatment must of course drive out the good men, and then the worse the doctors, the worse the treatment, and *vice versa*. Now, it seems, the mischief has gone so far that the health of the army is imperilled.

So far as army officers are responsible for ill-treatment of army doctors, their punishment is sure to fit their crime and follow it promptly. But it is conceivable that poor pay has attracted poor men, and that second-rate men have invited indifferent treatment, and then the point of view changes and the fighting-men seem to be victims. In any case, Mr. Kipling's friend Thomas Atkins is a victim, and an innocent one, for surely he does nothing to forfeit his title to competent medical care.

Just what the electric cab can do on an iced asphalt pavement it has not happened to the present paragrapher to observe, but, generally speaking, the electric vehicles seem to find favor and patronage in New York. They have come to be so familiar in the streets that no habitual New-Yorker turns to look at one any more. A cab of a new pattern, with the coachman on a box in front, has turned up, and seems better adapted than the earlier hansom-cab vehicles to gain the confidence of the timorous and wary. There are persons whose peace of mind while riding in a carriage is greatly promoted by inability to see what is ahead of them, and to such persons the electric hansoms have been about as inviting as a seat on the cow-catcher of a locomotive.

The cowboy, who was thought to have become very nearly extinct, is reported to have come to life again in western Kansas. Grain-raising has been given up in that country, and it is the fashion now—a very profitable fashion it has proved—to ship cattle there from Texas and let them range over abandoned farms which disappointed settlers have deserted. The farms have owners, and in many cases the cattle-men pay rent, enough in some cases to pay the taxes, in other cases, not enough. There is not enough water in western Kansas for grain, but it seems that cattle and chickens can prosper there. Grasshoppers can eat up most crops, but chicken crops swell on them. Of course where there are herds of grazing cattle there will be cowboys, but whether the Kansas cowboys are real Lin McLeans is not yet determined. Mr. Owen Wister and Mr. Remington have not been to western Kansas yet to look them over.

Word comes that the Post-Office Department is getting ready to make the changes in the colors of postage-stamps which are called for by the international agreement adopted at the postal congress last spring. The one-cent stamp is to be green, the two-cent, red, as at present, and the five-cent, blue. The shades of colors used depend upon the engraving, and experiments are now in progress to determine what shade of green is best suited to the head of Franklin, and whether the present one-cent Franklin blue or the fifteen-cent Henry Clay blue will be more becoming in the five-cent stamp to General Grant. The Post-Office Department is also credited with an intention to issue several new stamps in commemoration of the Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition at Omaha.

A Pittsburg despatch to the New York *Herald*, dated December 1, records that a Pittsburg company is receiving orders from time to time for considerable quantities of aluminum for "The Atlantic and Pacific Aerial Navigation Company," to be used, apparently, in the construction of air-ships. The despatch says that Hiram Maxim is superintendent of construction of this company, and that two San Francisco men are officers of it. It quotes Mr. Maxim as stating that he had built an air-ship that would go, and was now in the business of making others. This is a better story than the one of recent date which credits Mr. Keeley with an invention which will fly as soon as he has perfected a scheme for overcoming the attraction of gravitation.

Somewhere north of the arctic circle must run the line at which international jealousies stop. That at least is the impression conveyed by Mr. A. C. Harmsworth's gift of the ship *Windward* to Lieutenant Peary for his use in his next arctic expedition. Mr. Harmsworth is the extraordinary young Britisher, still under thirty-five, whose confidence that he knew what the majority of the English people wanted to read has been justified by the prodigious circulation of the half-penny London *Daily Mail*. Mr. Harmsworth started and controls the *Daily Mail* and sixteen other journals, and is obviously a person of enterprise and of a very active mind. The *Windward* has been engaged for the last three years in promoting the exploration of Franz-Josef Land, and is the ship, as will be remembered, on which Dr. Nansen came back from the North. She belonged to Mr. Harmsworth, who fitted her out for the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition. The despatch which tells of her new destiny says that she is to be overhauled and sent to America.

According to the sixteenth annual report of the Tuskegee (Alabama) Normal and Industrial Institute, recently issued by Principal Booker T. Washington, there have been, during the late session, 1072 students in the institute, of which about one-third were women. The average attendance is about 850. Mr. Washington speaks of the great usefulness of the institute in giving to negroes the sort of industrial training in carpentry, brick-laying, tailoring, sewing, housekeeping, and the like, which, in slavery days, used to be systematically undertaken on the larger plantations. There is need of present industrial teaching which goes beyond this and includes intelligent agriculture, dairying, mechanical and architectural drawing, and the making of estimates and contracts, all of which are required to enable negroes to compete with intelligent white labor, and especially with the foreign skilled laborers who are fast coming into the South. The special necessities of the institute are for money for a new trades-building, and for endowment and current expenses. An endowment fund of $500,000 is named as the institution's chief requisite; but it also wants $10,000 for a dormitory for women, $10,000 for a dormitory for men, $4000 for a hospital, and $10,000 for the better equipment of various industrial departments, as well as permanent scholarships of $1000 each, sums of $200 to carry a student through the four years' course, and sums of $50 annually to pay the tuition of one student.

The great usefulness of the Tuskegee Institute as a means of developing and improving the Southern negro is very generally recognized. The rudiments of self-help are taught there. It is the spirit of the place that has made so notable the annual Tuskegee Conference, which begins this year on February 23.

The members of the Yale Glee and Banjo Club are on their annual holiday trip into the Western wilds. They started on the Wednesday before Christmas, and their travels end on January 9. They travel in two cars, eating in one and sleeping in the other. There are forty-three men in the party. Their first performance was in Brooklyn, on December 22, and their itinerary includes Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Louisville, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Colorado Springs, Denver, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Chicago, Cleveland, and Buffalo. That means a journey of 4500 miles. In the spring the clubs make an Eastern trip, which takes them as far south as Baltimore and Washington, so that in the course of the year the Yale banjoist covers a great deal of ground and sees a good deal of the country.

No doubt these journeys are of considerable educational value, and perhaps they are worth the time and strength they consume, albeit they must be wearing to the tissues. The chief mystery about them is how parents are induced to connive at them. It used to be supposed that folks who sent their boys away to college liked to have them at home for the holidays, both to profit by their company and to look them over and take note of their growth and progress in civilization. Maybe these Yale singers are orphans. At any rate, they have no trouble with their parents, and if they have living parents at all they must have reduced them to a condition of perfect docility and submission.

After all, what you do makes hardly as much difference as how you do it. There is the recent case of the rejection of Tammany's dole of $50 by the Rev. James W. Putnam, of the Trinity Baptist Church of New York. Tammany, as will be remembered, sarcastically distributed its surplus campaign funds among various charities, and as part of this distribution $50 was sent to Mr. Putnam for his deserving poor. Mr. Putnam not only declined to receive the check, which was reasonable enough, if he felt that way about it, but hurled it back weighted with rebuke and comminatory texts. That was a good way to excite sympathy for Tammany, but it was not at all a wise way to decline a gift.

A paragraph in the *Sun*, the other day, concerned the experiences of a Nassau Street picture-dealer, who had just made an assignment, after waiting vainly for several years for his business to pick up. He said that during the recent hard times the picture business, naturally enough, suffered very much; that some branches of it, as the trade in artists' proofs and fine paintings, will revive, but that there is no prospect of a revival of the trade in copies, engravings, and colored prints. Those wares, he thinks, have seen their best days, and what trade in them there is left has gone, he says, to the department stores, whither also has drifted the chief part of the business of framing. Prior to 1884, he said, the sale of reproductions of various sorts was profitable; since then it has been growing yearly less profitable, until now, as stated, the department stores have got whatever there is left of it. All this ought not to be surprising, perhaps, considering how processes of reproducing pictures have multiplied within twenty years, and how their products have been scattered abroad. Of course there are more—vastly more—pictures made and framed now than ever, but that it should have come to be done by wholesale, and ceased to be profitable according to old methods, is credible enough. The picture-dealer's story is not unlike the reports that we get from some of the old-time booksellers.

Frank Kirby, of Camden, New Jersey, whose infant child died a fortnight ago of diphtheria under Christian Science treatment, has been put under arrest, charged with criminal negligence. Another child at his home was ill of the same disease and under the same treatment. These cases, which occur not infrequently, are very distressing. A hitch about the general use of Christian Science as a means of dealing with disease is the difficulty of determining the competence of the practitioner. The same objection exists as to doctors, but there are some means of protecting the public against maladroit or ignorant physicians. Apparently there is none against bungling Christian Scientists. Conceding, for the sake of argument, that an expert Scientist is qualified to have the charge of the sick, it is still conceivable that there are professed Scientists who don't know their business, and are not qualified to practise it. Against such persons the public seems to have no protection.

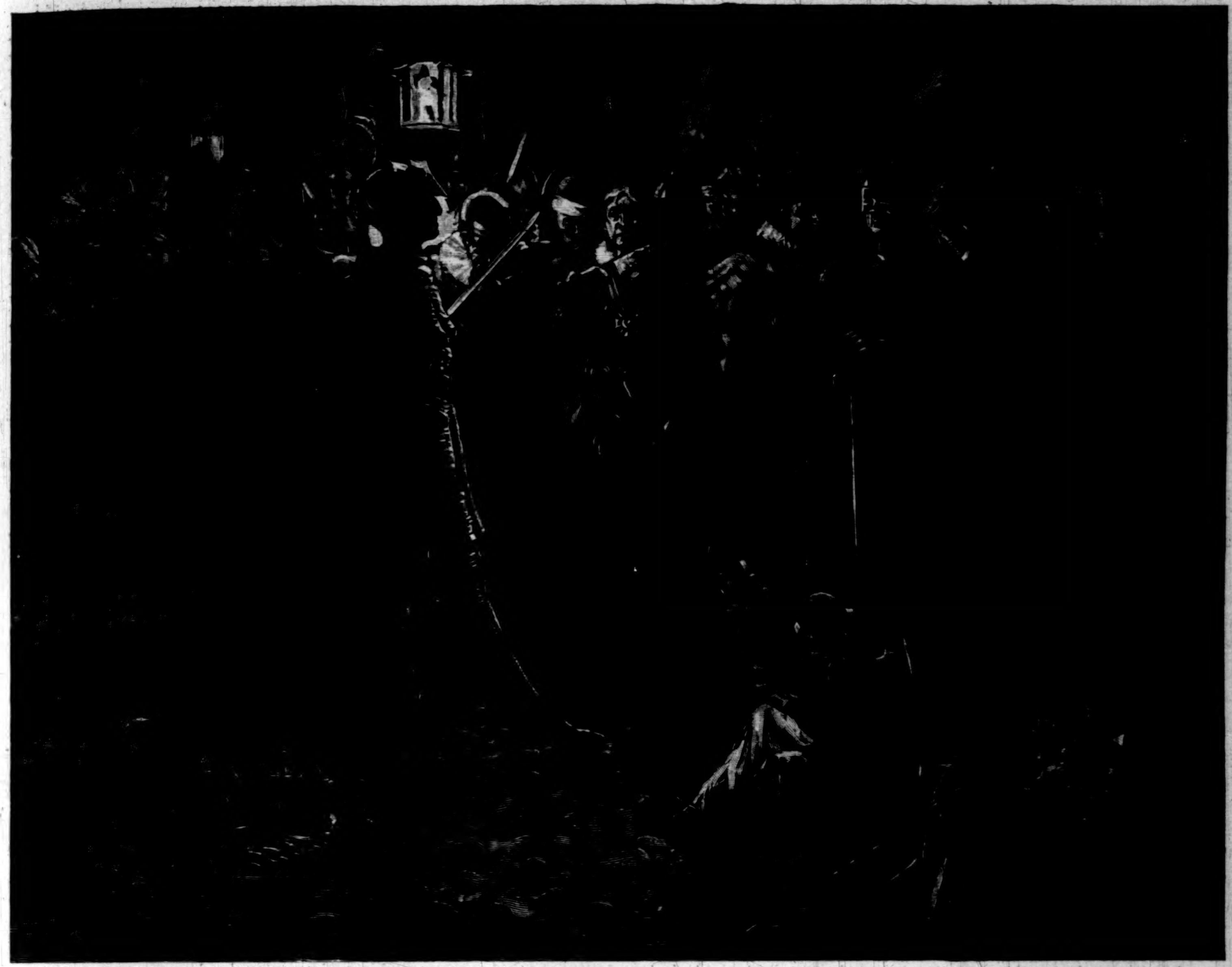
The Harvard University committee on physical training and athletic sports, of which Assistant-Secretary Roosevelt is a member, has made a report, which is published in the last number of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*. It finds the condition of athletic sports in the university to be healthy in a general way, but speaks of "certain dangerous conditions" which seem to require modification. Chief among these it finds to be "the abnormal interest taken in all college contests" by students and the public, and the excessive attention which they get from the newspapers, with the result that players—football-players especially—"are led to believe that their doings are of real importance to the civilized world, and come to the game far more often overwrought mentally by the nervous strain than overworked physically."

> The game is then played before an immense audience, excited to the point of blind partisanship. No boy can fail to feel the difference between a game so played and one played for the pure love of sport. The hardest head is likely to be affected by the need of winning the applause and support of the audience, and the temptation to distort the true purpose of sport into a mere struggle for victory is too great. It is no wonder that in games of physical contact bad blood is aroused and dishonorable acts sometimes occur; nor is it strange, with such contests keenly in mind, with newspapers seeking to find and publish every detail, that there should be difficulty in arranging the conditions of the games, and that an undesirable form of diplomacy should be developed.

This expresses very forcibly the sentiment that a good many people have nowadays about college sports, and especially about football, that there is too much serious business about it, and not enough game. Football as played by the representative teams of what some one calls our leading football institutions is awfully serious. The crowd has palpitation of the heart; disabled players, overwrought mentally, as the Harvard committee says, are dragged weeping off the gridiron; and defeated teams, also more overwrought than exhausted, are liable to do hysterical things. It is a pity that a little levity cannot be smuggled into this fine sport. The Harvard committee's remedies are hardly proportionate to the violence of the disease. It says it cannot blame the American people for wanting to see athletic contests, and though it insists that the spectators, especially at football games, shall be limited as far as possible to college men, and that the games shall be played on college grounds, that clearly is not enough. College men are the very fellows that make the trouble. What seems to be needed at every great football match is a couple of able clowns to attract part of the attention of the crowd and mitigate the earnestness of the players. If the eleventh man on every team were a clown, and decked out in a suitable dress, it would undoubtedly relax in a wholesome degree the tension of the contest. Circus clowns are usually competent acrobats, and there is no very obvious objection to choosing for football clowns young men who have the use of their limbs, and are even able at a pinch to kick a goal. But football clowns of some sort are badly needed. The responsibilities of players of that game are at present too heavy and the strain too intense.

E. S. MARTIN.

RUFFED-GROUSE SHOOTING—AN OPEN SHOT.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.



THE RED AXE.

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER I.

DUKE CASIMIR RIDES LATE.

WELL do I, Hugo Gottfried, remember the night of snow and moonlight when first they brought the Little Playmate home. I had been sleeping—a sturdy, well-grown fellow I, ten years or so as to my age—in a stomacher of blanket and a bed-gown my mother had made me before she died at the beginning of the cold weather. Suddenly something awoke me out of my sleep. So, all in the sharp chill of the night, I got out of my bed, sitting on the edge with my legs dangling, and looked curiously at the bright streams of moonlight which crossed the wooden floor of my garret. I thought if only I could swim straight up one of them, as the motes did in the sunshine, I should be sure to come in time to the place where my mother was—the place where all the pretty white things came from—the sunshine, the moonshine, the starshine, and the snow.

And there would be children to play with up there—hundreds of children like myself, and all close at hand. I should not any longer have to sit up aloft in the Red Tower with none to speak to me—all alone on the top of a wall—just because I had a crimson patch sewn on my blue corded blouse, on my little white shirt, embroidered in red wool on each of my warm winter wristlets, and staring out from the front of both my stockings. It was a pretty enough pattern too. Yet whenever one of the children I so much longed to play with down on the paved roadway beneath our tower caught sight of it he rose instantly out of the dust and hurled oaths and ill words at me—aye, and oftentimes other missiles that hurt even worse—at a little lonely boy who was breaking his heart with loving him up there on the tower.

"Come down and be killed, foul brood of the Red Axe!" the children cried. And with that they ran as near as they dared, and spat on the wall of our house, or at least on the little wooden panel which opened inwards in the great trebly-spiked iron door of the Duke's court-yard.

But this night of the first home-coming of the Little Playmate I awoke crying and fearful in the dead vast of the night, when all the other children who would not speak to me were asleep. Then pulling on my comfortable shoes of woollen list (for my father gave me all things to make me warm, thinking me delicate of body), and drawing the many-patched coverlet of the bed about me, I clambered up the stone stairway to the very top of the tower in which I slept. The moon was broad like one of the shields in the great hall, whither I went often when the great Duke was not at home, and when old Hanne would be busy cleaning the pavement and scrubbing viciously at the armor of the iron knights who stood on pedestals round about.

"One day I shall be a man-at-arms too," I said once to Hanne, "and ride a-foraying with Duke Ironteeth."

But old Hanne only shook her head and answered:

"Ill foraying shalt thou make, little shrimp. Such work as thine is not done on horseback—keep wide from me, *toadchen*; touch me not!"

For even old Hanne flouted me, and would not let me approach her too closely, all because once I had asked her what my father did to witches, and if she were a witch that she crossed herself and trembled whenever she passed him in the court-yard.

Now, having little else to do, I loved to look down from the top of the tower at all times. But never more so than when there was snow on the ground, for then the city of Thorn lay apparent beneath me, all spread out like a painted picture, with its white and red roofs and white houses bright in the moonlight—so near that it seemed as though I could pat every child lying asleep in its little bed, and scrape away the snow with my fingers from every red tile off which the house fires had not already melted it.

The town of Thorn was the chief place of arms and high capital city of all the Wolfmark. It was a thriving place too, humming with burghers and trades and guilds, when our great Duke Casimir would let them alone; perilous often, also, with pikes and discontents when he swooped from the tall overfrowning Castle of the Wolfsberg upon their booths and guilderies—"to scotch the pride of rascaldom," as he told them when they complained. In these days my father was little at home, his business keeping him abroad all the day about the castle-yard, at secret examinations in the Hall of Judgment, or in mysterious vaults in the deepest parts of the castle, where the walls are eighteen feet thick, and from which not a groan could penetrate to the outside while the Duke Casimir's judgment was being done upon the poor bodies and souls of men and women, his prisoners.

In the court-yard, too, the dogs, fierce russet-tan blood-hounds, ravened for their fearsome food. And in these days there was plenty of it, too, so that they were yelling and clamoring all day, and most of the night, for that which it made me sweat to think of. And beneath, the rebellious city cowered and muttered, while the burghers and their wives shivered in their beds as the howling of Duke Casimir's blood-hounds came fitfully down the wind, and Duke Casimir's guards clashed arms under their windows.

So this night I looked down contentedly enough from my perched eyrie on the top of the Red Tower. It had been snowing a little earlier in the evening, and the brief blast had swept the sky clean, so that even the brightest stars seemed sunken and waterlogged in the white floods of moonlight. Under my hand lay the city. Even the feet of the watch made no clatter on the pavements. The fresh-fallen snow masked the sound. The kennels of the blood-hounds were silent, for their dreadful tenants were abroad that night on the Duke's work.

Yet, sitting up there on the Wolfsberg, it seemed to me that I could distinguish a muttering as of voices full of hate, like men talking low on their beds the secret things of evil and treason. I discerned discontent and rebellion rumbling and brooding over the city that clear, keen night of early winter.

Then, when after a while I turned from the crowded roofs and looked down upon the gray far-spreading plain of the Wolfmark, to the east I saw that which appeared like winking sparks of light moving among the black clumps of copse and woodland which fringed the river. These wimpled and scattered, and presently grew brighter. A long howl, like that of a lonely wolf on the waste when he calls to his kindred to tell him their whereabouts, came faintly up to my ears.

A hound gave tongue responsively among the heaped mews and doggeries beneath the ramparts. Lights shone in windows athwart the city. Red nightcaps were thrust out of hastily opened casements. The Duke's standing-guard clamored with their spear butts on the uneven pavements, crying, up and down the streets, "To your kennels, devil's brats; Duke Casimir comes riding home!"

Then I tell you my small heart beat furiously. For I knew that if I only kept quiet I should see that which I had never yet seen—the home-coming of our famous foraying Duke. I had, indeed, seen Duke Casimir often enough in the castle, or striding across the court-yard to speak to my father, for whom he had ever a remarkable affection. He was a tall, swart, black-a-vised man, with a huge hairy mole on his cheek, and long dog-teeth which showed at the sides of his mouth when he smiled, almost as pleasantly as those of a she-wolf looking out of her den at the hunters.

But I had never seen the Duke of all the Wolfmark come riding home ere daybreak, laden with the plunder of captured castles and the rout of deforced cities. For at such times my father would carefully lock the door on

me, and confine me to my little sleeping-chamber—from whence I could see nothing but the square of smooth pavement on which the children chalked their games, and from which they cried naughtily up at me, the poor hermit of the Red Tower. But this night my father would be with the Duke, and I should see all. For, high or low, there was none in the empty Red Tower to hinder or forbid.

As I waited, thrilling with expectation, I heard beneath me the quickening pulse-beat of the town. The watch hurried here and there, hectoring, threatening, and commanding. But, in spite of all, men gathered as soon as their backs were turned in the alleys and street openings. Clusters of heads showed black for a moment in some darksome entry, cried "U-g-g-hh!" with a hateful sound, and vanished ere the steel-clad veterans of the Duke's guard could come upon them. It was like the hide-and-seek which I used to play with Boldo, my blood-hound puppy, among the dusty waste of the lumber-room over the Hall of Judgment, before my father took him back to the kennels for biting Christian's Elsa, a child who lived in the lower Guard opposite to the Red Tower.

But this was a stranger hide-and-seek than mine and Boldo's had been. For I saw one of the men who cried hatefully to the guard stumble on the slippery ice; and, lo! or ever he had time to cry out or gather himself up, the men-at-arms were upon him. I saw the glitter of stabbing steel and heard the sickening sound of blows stricken silently in anger. Then the soldiers took the man up by head and heels carelessly, jesting as they went. And I shuddered, for I knew that they were bringing him to the horrible long sheds by the Red Tower through which the wind whistled. But in the moonlight the patch which was left on the snow was black, not red.

After this the crooked alleys were kept clearer, and I could see down the long High Street of Thorn right to the Weiss Thor and the snow-whitened pinnacles of the Palace, out of which Duke Casimir had for the time being frightened Bishop Peter. Black stood the Gate Port against the moonlight and the snow when I first looked at it. A moment after it had opened, and a hundred lights came crowding through, like sheep through an entry on their way to the shambles—which doubtless is their Hall of Judgment, where there waits for them the Red Axe of a lowlier degree.

The lights, I say, came thronging through the gate. For though it was moonlight, the Duke Casimir loved to come home amid the red flame of torches, the trail of bituminous reek, and with a dashing train of riders clattering up to the Wolfsberg behind him, through the streets of Thorn, lying black and cowed under the shadows of its thousand gables.

So the procession undulated towards me, turbid and tumultuous. First a reckless pour of riders urging wearied horses, their sides white-flecked above with blown foam, and dark beneath with rowelled blood. Many of the horsemen carried marks upon them which showed that all had not been plunder and pleasuring upon their foray. For there were white napkins, and napkins that had once been white, tied across many brows. Helmets swung clanking like iron pipkins from saddle-bows, and men rode wearily with their arms in slings, drooping haggard faces upon their chests. But all passed rapidly enough up the steep street, and tumbled with noise and shouting, helter-skelter, into the great court-yard beneath me, as I watched, secure as God in heaven, from my perch on the Red Tower.

Then came the captives, some riding horses barebacked, or held in place before black-bearded riders—women mostly these last, with faces white-set and strange of eye, or all beblubbered with weeping. Then came a man or two also on horseback, old and reverend. After them a draggled rabble of lads and half-grown girls, bound together with ropes, and kept at a dog's trot by the pricking spears of the men-at-arms behind, who thought it a jest to sink a spear point-deep in the flesh of a man's back—"drawing the claret wine," they called it. For these riders of Duke Casimir were every one jolly companions, and must have their merry jest.

After the captives had gone past—and sorry I was for them—the body-guard of Duke Casimir came riding steadily and gallantly, all gentlemen of the Mark, with their sons and squires, landed men, towered men, free Junkers, serving the Duke for loyalty and not servitude, though ever "living by the saddle"—as, indeed, most of the ritterdom and gentry of the Mark had done for generations.

Then behind them came Duke Casimir himself. The Eastland blood he had acquired from his Polish mother showed as he rode gloomily apart, thoughtful, solitary, behind the squared shoulders of his knights. After him another squadron of riders in ghastly armor of black and white, with torches in their hand and grinning skulls upon their shields, closed in the array. The great gate of the Wolfsberg was open now, and leaving behind him the hushed and darkened town, the master rode into his castle. The Wolf was in his lair. But in the streets many a burgher's wife trembled on her bed, while her goodman peered cautiously over the leads by the side of a gargoyle, and fancied that already he heard the clamor of the partisans thundering at his door, with the Duke's invitation to meet him in the Hall of Judgment.

CHAPTER II.

THE LITTLE PLAYMATE COMES HOME.

But there was to be no Session in the Hall of Judgment that night. The great court-yard, roofed with the vault of stars and lit by the moon, was to see all done that remained to be done. The torches were planted in the iron holdfasts round about. The plunder of the captured towns and castles was piled for distribution on the morrow, and no man dared keep back so much as a Brandenburg broad-piece or a handful of Bohemian gulden. For the fear of the Duke and the Duke's dog-kennels was upon every stout fighting-kerl. They minded the fate of Hans Pulitz, who had kept back a belt of gold, and had gotten himself flung by the heels, with no more than the stolen belt upon him, into the kennels where the Duke's blood-hounds howled and clambered, with their fore feet on the black-spattered barriers. And they say that the belt of gold was all that was ever seen again of the poor rascal Hans Pulitz, who had hoped for so many riotous evenings among the Fat Pegs of Thorn, and so many draughts of the slippery wine of the Rheingau careering down the poor thirsty throat of him. But, alas for Hans Pulitz! the end of all imagining was no more than five minutes of snapping, snarling, horrible Pandemonium in the kennels of the Wolfsberg, and the scored gold chain on the ground was all that remained to tell his tale. Verily, there were few Achans in Duke Casimir's camp.

And it is small wonder after this that scant and sparse were the jests played on the grim master of the Wolfsberg, or that the bay of a blood-hound tracking on the downs frightened the most stout-hearted rider in all that retinue of dare-devils.

Going to the side of the Red Tower which looked towards the court-yard, I saw the whole array come in. I watched the prisoners unceremoniously dismounted and huddled together against the coming of the Duke. There was but one man among them who stood erect. The torch-light played on his face, which was sometimes bent down to a little child in his arms, so that I saw him well. He looked not at all upon the rude men-at-arms who pushed and bullied about him, but continued tenderly to hush his charge, as if he had been a nurse in a babe-chamber under the leads, with silence in all the house below.

It pleased me to see the man, for all my life I had loved children. And yet at ten years of age I had never so much as touched one—no, nor spoken even, only looked down on those that hated me and spat on the very tower wherein I dwelt. But nevertheless I loved them, and yearned to tell them so, even when they mocked me. So I watched this little one in the man's arms.

Then came the Duke along the line, and behind him, like the Shadow of Death, paced my father, Gottfried Gottfried, habited all in red from neck to heel, and carrying for his badge of office as Hereditary Justicer to the Dukes of Wolfmark that famous red-handled, red-bladed axe, the gleaming white of whose deadly edge had never been wet save with the blood of men and women.

The guard pushed the captives rudely into line as the Duke Casimir strode along the front. The women he passed without a sign or so much as a look. They were kept for another day. But the men were judged sharply and suddenly, as the Duke in his black armor passed along, and that scarlet Shadow of Death with the broadaxe over his shoulder paced noiselessly behind him.

For as each man looked into the eyes of Casimir of the Wolfsberg he read his doom. The Duke turned his wrist sharply down, whereupon the attendant sprites of the Red Shadow seized the man and rent his garment down from his neck; or the hand pointed up, and then the man set his hand to his heart and threw his head back in a long sigh of relief.

It came the turn of the man who carried the babe.

Duke Casimir paused before him, scowling gloomily at him.

"Ha, Lord Prince of so great a province, you will not set yourself up any more haughtily. You will quibble no longer concerning tithes and tolls with Casimir of the Wolfmark."

And the Duke lifted his hand and smote the man on the cheek with his open hand.

Yet the captive only hushed the child, that wailed aloud to see her guardian smitten.

He looked Duke Casimir steadfastly in the eyes and spoke no word.

"Great God, man, have you nothing to say to me ere you die?" cried Duke Casimir, choked with hot sudden anger to be so crossed.

The elder man gazed steadily at his captor.

"God will judge betwixt me, a man about to die, and you, Casimir of the Wolfmark," he said at last, very slowly; "by the eyes of this little maid He will judge!"

"Like enough," cried Casimir, sneeringly. "Bishop Peter hath told me as much. But then God's payments are long deferred, and, so far as I can see, I can take Him into my own hand. And your little maid—pah! since one day you took from me the mother, I, in my turn, will take the daughter, and make her a titbit for the teeth of my blood-hounds."

The man answered not again, but only hushed and fondled the little one.

Duke Casimir turned quickly to my father, showing his long teeth like a snarling dog.

"Take the child," he said, "and cast her into the kennels before the man's eyes, that he may learn before he dies to dread more than God's Judgment Seat the vengeance of Duke Casimir!"

Then all the men-at-arms turned away, heart-sick at the horror. But the man with the child never blanched.

High perched on the top tower, I also heard the words, and loved the maid. And they tell me (though I do not remember it) that I cried down from the leads of the Red Tower, "My father, save the little maid and give her to me—or else I, Hugo Gottfried, will cast myself down on the stones at your feet!"

At which all the men looked up, and saw me in white, a small lonely figure, with my legs hanging over the top of the wall.

"Go back!" my father shouted. "Go back, Hugo! 'Tis my only son—my successor—the fifteenth of our line, my lord!" he said to the Duke in excuse.

But I cried all the more: "Save the maid's life or I will fling myself headlong. By Jesu Mary, I swear it!"

For I thought that was the name of one great saint.

Then my father, who ever doted on me, bent his knee before his master. "A boon!" he cried, "my first and last, Duke Casimir—this maid's life for my son!"

But the Duke hung on the request a long, doubtful moment.

"Gottfried Gottfried," he said, even reproachfully, "this is not well done of you, to make me go back on my word."

"Take the man's life," said my father—"take the man's life for the child's and the fulfilling of your word—and, by the sword of St. Peter, I will smite my best!"

"Aye," said the man with the babe, "even so do, as the Red Axe says. Save the young child, but bid him smite hard at this abased neck. Ye have taken all, Duke Casimir—take my life. But save the young child alive!"

So, without further word or question, they did so, and the man who had carried the child kissed her once, and separated gently the baby hands that clung about his neck. Then he handed her to my father.

"Be gracious to Helene," he said; "she was ever a sweet babe."

Now by this time I was down hammering on the door of the Red Tower, which had been locked on the outside. Presently some one turned the key, and so soon as I got among the men I darted between their legs.

"Give me the babe!" I cried. "The babe is mine; the Duke himself hath said it." And my father gave her to me, crying as if her heart would break.

Nevertheless she clung to me, perhaps because I was nearer her own age.

Then the dismal procession of the condemned passed us, followed by my father, who strode along with his axe over his shoulder, and the laughing and jesting men-at-arms bringing up the rear.

As I stood a little aside for them to pass, the hand of the man fell on my head and rested there a moment.

"God's blessing on you, little lad!" he said. "Cherish the babe you have saved, and, as sure as that I am now about to die, one day, you shall be repaid." And he stooped and kissed the little maid before he went on with the others to the place of slaughter.

Then I hurried within, so that I might not hear the dull thud of the Red Axe on the block, nor the inhuman howlings of the dogs in the kennels afterwards.

When my father came home, an hour later, before even he took off his costume of red he came up to our chamber and looked long at the little maid as she lay asleep. Then he gazed at me, who watched him from under my lids and from behind the shadows of the bedclothes.

But his quick eye caught the gleam of light in mine.

"You are awake, boy!" he said, somewhat sternly.

I nodded up to him without speaking.

"What would you with the little maid?" he said. "Do you know that you and she together came very near losing me my favor with the Duke, and it might be my life also, both at one time to-night?"

I put my hand on the maiden's head where it lay on the pillow by me.

"She is my little wife!" I said. "The Duke gave her to me out in the court-yard there!"

And this is the whole tale of how the Little Playmate came to dwell with us in the Red Tower.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WINTER ETCHINGS.

COUNTRY.

Vague sorrow in the chill snow-laden air.
A hush along the sombre country ways
So fair with bloom and song in summer days.
Then night slips down, and from her silent wings
Soft plumage falls till ere the dawn she flings
A winding-sheet of glory ev'rywhere.

CITY.

The heavy cart along the cobbled street
Pounds out a measure hard and pitiless—
A prelude to privation and distress.
Then storm and night, a whirling flare, come on,
And squalid life, and death, and drabbled dawn
With muffled tramping of a million feet.

Albert Bigelow Paine.

THE YEAR 1897.

While the year just closed presents to retrospection no single event of overshadowing importance, it is in the sum of its events so full of significance that historians, reviewing it hereafter, may conclude that since the Franco-Prussian war and the federation of Germany no other year has been more remarkable or more worthy of attentive study. A year of movements and economic climaxes rather than of startling events, it thrusts on the world's attention, as the two greatest facts of the time, the growing political importance of Germany and the already transcendent commercial importance of the United States.

Having determined to become a great colonial power, Germany has deliberately measured its forces against those of England, and instead of continuing to look upon France as its greatest rival, it has turned away from France, and ignoring French jealousy wherever possible, has matched its power politically and commercially with that of the British Empire.

The real master-key of international politics during the year was the cablegram which the Emperor of Germany sent to President Kruger of the Transvaal Republic in the latter part of 1896. England, with a far-reaching grasp of large things, and a foresight such as the world has not seen before since the building up of the Roman Empire, was working in Africa to connect its possessions in South Africa with its protectorates in Central Africa and in the Nile Valley. The concessions latterly made to Russia by English statesmanship have been manifestly in the interest of this plan of civilizing Africa by building up in it a vast Anglo-African empire, capable of furnishing England with all needed supplies of raw material, and of giving new markets for English goods to make good losses now threatened by the growing competition of Germany and the United States. Erratic as the German Emperor is supposed to be, he has nevertheless grasped the meaning of this magnificent policy, and it must be conceded that if he has not known how to oppose it with the same intellectual brilliancy shown in its conception, he has known how to make the hereditary "Faustrecht" of the Hohenzollerns serve his purposes where a more purely intellectual policy might have failed. The Greek war with Turkey gave him an opportunity to assert the disposition of Germany to step in front not only of England but of Russia as the arbiter of the fate of Europe. He succeeded to his own satisfaction at least so far that he is quoted since as threatening to crush other powers which offend him "as I crushed Greece." Such displays of his individuality, while they make him interesting always and absurd at times, do not serve to conceal the fact that the power behind his throne and the actual power of the throne itself is the German people—a people multiplying rapidly, moving into the cities and becoming more social every year, swarming over the boundaries, emigrating, and actually if not nominally colonizing as no other people except the English have done since the great "swarming of the nations" in the earlier centuries of the Christian era. Leaving for the moment out of consideration the Russian Empire, we have as the spectacle which dwarfs everything else in the year the work of the three great

powers of the old Teutonic stock of the fourth century—England, Germany, and the United States—dominating the world, and at the end of the nineteenth century so much the masters of the present and the future that it is almost impossible now to conceive circumstances under which peoples of another blood can make even a fair pretence of contesting their leadership of the world.

Great as have been our domestic difficulties, grave as have been our blunders of domestic management, the year has brought us what is perhaps, after all, the greatest triumph of our history, as it certainly is in one direction a climax of the beneficent forces which have worked in our domestic economy since the extension of railroads made us economically, and in fact as well as in name, a continental power.

The trade history of the world has been deeply affected and probably radically changed by the great crop failures in the southern hemisphere during the past two years. Followed as they were this year by a crop shortage in Europe, which Beerbohm estimates at 100,000,000 bushels on the wheat crop alone, these seasons of scarcity in India, Australia, and other Southern countries have thrown on the United States the chief responsibility for feeding the world. No other nation in recent memory has had such an opportunity, and no other nation could possibly have met it as we have been able to do. We have shipped our breadstuffs and provisions both from Atlantic and Pacific ports, drawing gold in return from both northern and southern hemispheres. We have handled in the last six months rouleaux of American eagles which have travelled from New York to London, from London to Australia, from Australia to San Francisco, from San Francisco to New York, and then into the Treasury at Washington. As a result of such causes, the gold reserve in the Treasury has been run up to more than $150,000,000, and easily held there, while it is said that in the last six months the single State of Nebraska has paid off $28,000,000 in farm mortgages.

This, however, is only part of the victory peace has given us during the year. We have become the greatest iron-producing country of the world, and during the year we have done much to give the world substantial proof of the fact. It may be mentioned in illustration that on February 9 a Pennsylvania firm took contracts for 11,000 tons of steel rails ordered by Japan, and the next day shipped a cargo of armor plate to Russia, while the Southern iron districts have invaded England and Continental Europe, selling pig-iron there below the lowest European price. Birmingham, Alabama, alone, after paying freight charges by rail and water, has sold to Europe during the year a gross amount of pig-iron which in a statement made during December was placed at 50,000 tons. While no other single line of manufacturing shows such great gains as do iron and steel, we have increased our exports of manufactured goods in many directions. As a result of the movement begun under the Wilson tariff, we have reached the extraordinary figure of $1,050,000,000 in exports for the year—a considerable increase over the unusually large exports of 1896.

This outward movement of our products has been accompanied by a reorganization of railroads which went into the hands of receivers during the "storm-and-stress" period several years back. This reorganization has been general, and usually at a lower rate of interest. It culminated in the action of the Reorganization Committee of the Union Pacific in bidding in the government lien on that road at $57,564,000. As a result of this movement, important railroads which have been obliged to impose on traffic burdens necessary to meet interest at from seven to eight per cent. are now in a position to release charges down to an interest basis of three and a half to four per cent., with a marked advantage to our export trade—the growth of which has been greatly fostered by the decrease in railroad rates during the last ten years.

Striking as all this is, perhaps what will hereafter be considered the most striking economic feature of the year has kept itself far in the background. It is revealed in the figures showing that while there were only 622 miles of steam railroad track laid during the twelvemonth, the miles of electric track in use had increased from 86 in 1887 to 14,000 in 1897. These figures, based on estimates given by Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, show the culmination of one era and the beginning of another. Electric traction, for all the purposes within its scope, has already virtually superseded steam; and while the freight business of the world is likely to be done by steam for a long time to come, the building of steam roads is practically at a standstill, while the work of introducing electricity for purposes of traction is being pushed as it has never been before.

While such gratifying features of our national life during the year are undoubtedly of more importance both to our present and our future than related facts which cannot be considered without greater or less dissatisfaction, it has been apparent enough to every one that in detail the year has been one of difficulties, requiring more than ordinary intelligence and frequent sacrifices. If this has been true in private business and in social and family life, it is not less true that our national affairs still show the effects of blunders committed in the recent as well as in the more remote past.

The new tariff bill, which passed the House April 1, by a vote of 205 Republicans to 121 in opposition, has not yielded the revenue promised from it by its supporters. While the customs receipts for the fiscal year were $176,554,000 as against $160,021,000 for the preceding twelvemonth, and while the deficit for the fiscal year was $18,052,000 as against $25,203,000 for the fiscal year 1896, Secretary Gage, in a signed statement made since the date of his annual report, says that "the Treasury has been running steadily behind during 1897, expenditures exceeding receipts at the rate of about $6,000,000 a month." This showing for the calendar year certainly does not encourage an access of confidence in the promise that the new tariff law would soon abolish the deficit. Its first six months are months of manifest failure if it is judged as a revenue-producing measure. The Secretary promises an "improvement of $2,000,000 a month, which will put the government on a self-supporting basis." As an inevitable incident of the passage of the bill, business was disordered and heavy advance imports forced. That when the stock thus imported is exhausted there will be any such increase of revenue over the first six months as Mr. Gage anticipates only those whose reasons for optimism are as great as his own will find it easy to believe. As the year drew to a close, the national Treasury was running with "an available cash balance, including the gold reserve," of about $240,000,000.

The commissioners appointed to confer with other governments on the subject of silver coinage accomplished nothing. During the year Japan and several Spanish American countries formally adopted the gold standard. The increasing production of gold and the discovery in the Klondike fields of new placer mines of almost unexampled richness were related events bearing on the final settlement of the coinage question.

The most striking events affecting our relations with other countries were the rejection of the arbitration treaty with England, the negotiation and submission to the Senate of a treaty for the annexation of Hawaii, and the continuance of negotiations with Spain for the settlement of the troubles in Cuba.

The complete success of our arbitration in adjusting the difficulty between England and Venezuela raised hopes in the early part of the year which were disappointed when the Anglo-American treaty (signed January 11) came to vote in the Senate. The treaty polled a majority vote of 43 to 26, vindicating the principle, but failing to become effective for lack of the two-thirds vote required by the Constitution. The Hawaiian annexation treaty was signed and sent to the Senate on June 16. The Alaska boundary treaty with England was signed in February, and treaties of minor importance have been ratified during the year with Japan, the Orange Free State, and the Argentine Republic. The assassination of Cánovas del Castillo by the anarchist Golli, or Angiolillo, on August 8, led to the succession of a Liberal cabinet in Spain, but as yet the change has not affected our foreign relations in such a way as to call for discussion in this connection.

The event in the relations of the great European powers which attracted most attention and excited most alarm during the year was the advance made by Greece into Turkish territory as a means of supporting its claim to a Greek protectorate over Crete. The actual beginning of the war was on February 10, when a Greek torpedo-boat, commanded by Prince George, left Athens for Crete to support the occupation of the island by Greek troops under Colonel Vassos. It was asserted at the time, and is perhaps true, that Greece had "encouragement from influential sources" in both England and Russia, but the influence of Germany was thrown the other way, and all the powers were compelled to act in concert throughout as police, obstructing Greece as the aggressive party. After crossing the Turkish boundary, the Greeks made several displays of brilliant courage, but it soon became evident that they were a badly disciplined mob, wholly unfit to be matched against the Turks, under Edhem Pasha, organized under the German system and drilled by German officers. The war ended May 19, in the armistice brought about by the intercession of the Czar, after Greece had received the most exemplary and humiliating whipping which has rewarded aspirations after military glory in recent times. Until it pays its war debt it must remain little more than a taxing district under supervision of the powers. Its dream of "Pan-Hellenism" is over.

England has been greatly cramped during the year in its work of organizing its protectorates in Africa by the opposition of both France and Germany. International jealousies make strange bedfellows; and France, influenced by its Mediterranean protectorates, has antagonized England's movements in the Nile Valley, while Germany has opposed them in central and southern Africa. Nevertheless, England made substantial progress, not only in the Benin expedition, but in preliminary movements to reoccupy and hold the Sudan.

While Africa was the key of the international politics of Europe during the first half of the year, China has begun to assume an importance which for obvious reasons is in inverse ratio to her weakness. In January last it was asserted, denied, and reaffirmed that Russia had concluded a secret treaty with China, as the result of which the Trans-Siberian Railroad, now being pushed as rapidly as possible to the Pacific coast, is to have right of way through Manchuria to an ice-free port, given up by China to a Russian protectorate. It was supposed that this treaty was made with the tacit consent of England, which is now assumed to be nearer to an understanding with Russia than it has been in many years.

It is believed by some that when the German fleet sailed from Kiel on December 16, bound for Chinese waters, with the openly announced intention of enforcing such demands as Germany may make hereafter, the policy which shaped the movement was that of compelling concessions to Germany in China wherever they are made either to Russia or England, and by standing ready to take the aggressive in Chinese waters, to make it easier to extend German power in Africa at the expense of England.

The outbreak on the northern frontier of India began in July—instigated, as was suspected, by Abd-er-Rahman, the Ameer of Afghanistan, who, however, has made strenuous denial of responsibility for it. While the revolt has led to such picturesque fighting as that at the Dargai Pass, it has not been as serious as was anticipated, and its political importance seems small.

The famine in India, which caused some to believe it possible for the revolt to become general, has been relieved to a considerable extent, chiefly at the expense of the Indian treasury, though England has made extraordinary exertions, and has even surpassed her efforts in the great famines of the past. At one time more than 2,000,000 people in the famine region were carried on the government pay-rolls.

The troubles which during the past two months seemed to threaten the existence of the Austrian Empire as now organized have been accounted for in various ways, but they have their origin in conditions reported in an inconspicuous cablegram of March 21, announcing the result of the elections as "an unprecedented gain for the socialists." The Austrian cabinet resigned on April 2, but the Emperor refused to accept their resignation, and there was a lull, followed, however, by what seems to be very scientific work on the part of the Radicals in forcing on the Conservatives all those disturbing issues with which Austrian Conservatism is most unprepared to deal.

An international event which may prove to be of great importance was the meeting of the Postal Congress in Washington. It opened May 5, with fifty-five countries represented, and prepared a treaty for ratification by all of them. The result may finally be an international postal service, both for letters and parcels, greatly superior to the present system, which is of such recent origin that it is still imperfect. Von Stephan, Postmaster-General of Germany, who organized it, died during the year.

In science the year has given no one discovery equalling in brilliant impressiveness that of the X ray or of argon, but for the first time in history a steam-aeroplane of any considerable size has lifted itself and flown a considerable distance without the aid of hydrogen or other gas; the third-rail system of using electric power has been applied successfully in the suburban passenger traffic of steam railroads; all records on the ocean have been broken by improved steamships; and what seem to be really substantial advances have been made in telegraphing without wires. This is only part of a long record of attempt and achievement in physical and mechanical science, but if there were nothing else it would call for admiration.

The organization of Greater New York and its first election under its new charter are events hardly surpassed in importance by any other in our domestic affairs. The greater city equals in population half a dozen States which might be selected for comparison with it if such comparisons were not unnecessary. The most important event in the business history of the city during the year was perhaps the result of attempts to give a new direction to the outward movement of Northwestern breadstuffs. The "shot-gun" quarantine system, which was illustrated in the South as a result of the outbreak of yellow fever, was also shown to be a matter of fundamental importance to New York city, as it was to the country at large. The trade of the South was almost paralyzed by it for over a month.

Among the most important measures of legislation adopted during the year were our immigration bill, and the French bills giving further encouragement to the French peasant class at the expense of foreign commerce and of the population of the cities. The English educational bill, though much discussed, was not radically important, as it made a grant of only five shillings a head to the children in "voluntary and board schools."

In April the United States Supreme Court decided the Western Traffic Association a violation of the anti-trust law, and a month later it upheld the Berliner patent. In the case of the *Three Friends* it defined our responsibilities as a neutral power. The lower Federal courts decided against the validity of the Texas anti-trust law, and (Judge Showalter acting) issued an injunction restraining the enforcement of the Indianapolis three-cent-fare law.

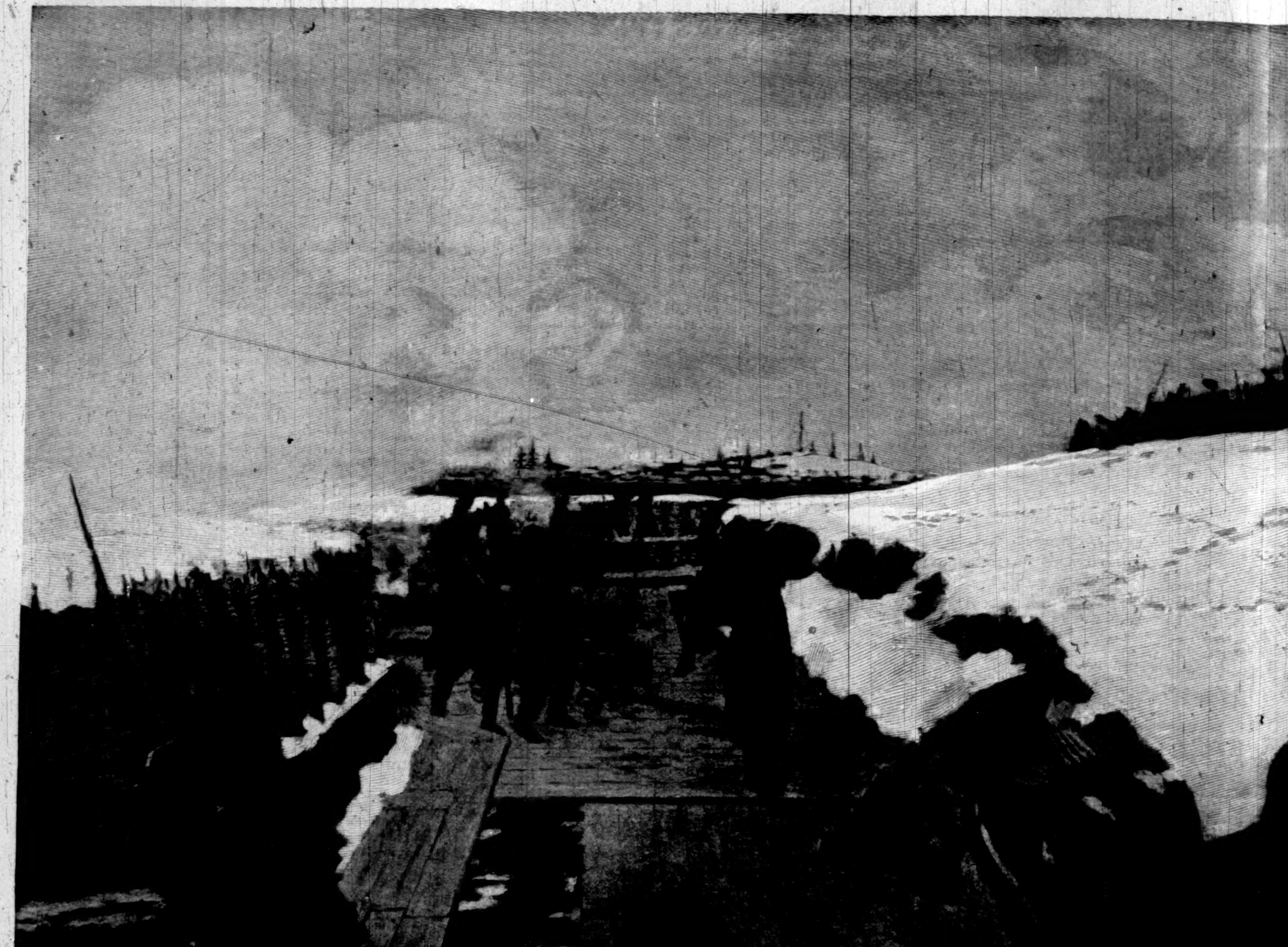
Excepting the strike in the coal regions, the year was remarkably free from general disturbances among wage-earners, and wages showed a slight upward tendency (officially estimated at from five to twenty per cent.). In the cotton-mills of New England, however, there was a threatened reduction of wages as the year ended, due to successful Southern competition.

A marked feature of the year at Washington, and a highly important one, is the disappearance from the Senate rolls of so many of those whose names became familiar during and soon after the civil war. When the roll of the Senate is called now, the country hears new names, such as Penrose, Fairbanks, Kenney, Rawlins, Heitfeld, Deboe, and others which still sound unfamiliar. The Senate, in the last few years, has become practically a new body, in spite of the constitutional safe-guards against sudden changes in its membership.

The dedication of the Grant Monument drew to New York the greatest crowd which the city had ever seen assembled.

The ascension of Andrée in the balloon by means of which he hoped to reach the north pole attracted the attention of the civilized world, which has since waited vainly for authentic news of him.

Among the noted people who died during the year were Professor Henry Drummond; Alphonse Daudet; Sir Isaac Pitman, inventor of the Pitman system of short-hand; Alfred Nobel, the Swedish inventor of dynamite (who bequeathed a sum stated at ten million dollars to "encourage scientific study and promote international peace"); Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher; Senator Daniel W. Voorhees; General Jo Shelby, the Confederate cavalry leader; Joseph B. McCullagh, editor and war correspondent; Johannes Brahm, the composer; Albert Fink, the noted American railroad expert; W. S. Holman, of Indiana, the "Watch-dog of the Treasury"; Barney Barnato, the South African speculator, who committed suicide at sea; Father Kneipp, originator of the Kneipp cure; Captain Boycott, of County Mayo, Ireland, victim of a most extraordinary case of accidental immortality; Mrs. Oliphant the novelist; Jean Ingelow, novelist and poetess; Count Mutsu, the Japanese statesman; Henry George, author and economist; Cánovas del Castillo, Spanish Premier; Charles A. Dana, journalist; George M. Pullman, originator of the Pullman Palace-car system; Sir John Gilbert, president of the English Royal Society of Water-Color Painters; Francis Turner Palgrave, poet and essayist; the Duchess of Teck; and Professor William Henry Riehl, the German publicist and historian.



RAISING THE FIRST AMERICAN FLAG, JANUARY 1, 1776.–

1776.—FROM THE PAINTING BY CLYDE O. DELAND.—[SEE PAGE 6.]

A DOUBTFUL EXPERIMENT.

BY F. D. JOUETT.

"YOU are late, Mr. Jermyn," and Mrs. Erskine shrugged disconsolately. "You will have to wait for fresh tea, and there are no more young ladies or hot biscuits or bonbons."

"I am glad of it," he returned, shortly. "I waited to make sure of finding you alone."

"And why?" She was moving about the room, ordering the confusion more to her taste, but now she returned to the fire and sank into a chair.

"Twilight is the hour for confidences," he began, lightly. "I want to talk to you, and I can't wait."

"That's your *métier*," she said. "You never can wait."

She glanced up at him curiously, mockingly, as if she expected an answering gleam in his eyes; but to-night he gazed steadily into the fire, his straight dark brows drawn together in a frown.

Mrs. Erskine watched him a few minutes in silence, and then touched him on the arm.

"Dick," she said, sinking her voice, "who is she?"

He turned upon her half gratefully, half angrily. "You know everything," he said. "Have you seen her?"

"I think so. She's almost beautiful. Does she live up to her face?"

"Quite," he answered, soberly. "Now put me in the way of telling you a story without making myself out a hero or a devil."

"Trust to my eyes," she answered, readily.

"I want your sympathy and help," he owned, reluctantly, rising to his feet, "but I don't know what form they ought to take."

"I saw her with you in the Park a month or two ago. She was tall and slight, and her dress was blue—a brighter blue than I admired—but it became her. And her hair is such a curious shade, Dick." She was speaking slowly, with studious carelessness.

"It's like the newest bronze," he said, quickly, sympathetically.

"I noticed it particularly because the black feather on her hat curled over the braids and made the contrast so striking. And she had a yellow silk handkerchief knotted about her throat and a breast-knot of golden-rod. She was talking," Mrs. Erskine went on, "and pointing to a flock of birds winging their way south. I saw her face quite well, and fancied she looked sad."

He walked up and down the room hastily.

"Can't you go out with me?" he said. "I can talk better outside."

"He's afraid," she said to herself as she put on her bonnet and furs. "He's afraid of the light," and her hand trembled a little as they went out into the street together.

"I don't quite know how to begin," he said, looking down at her. "I am only certain you will understand."

"Ah, yes," turning away her face; "that's been my one virtue—I have always understood."

They walked on quickly together, keeping excellent step, a tall, well-matched, handsome couple, for whom the passers-by made way instinctively.

"It began last summer," he said at last. "I had been working very hard all winter, doing my work and Carter's too. You remember his wife was sick, and their little boy died, and he was horribly cut up. Well, when June came I broke down. The sight of the office, the printers, the men who hung around, had grown hateful to me. Material which I could have turned into money and reputation a year ago seemed stupid, inapposite, useless rubbish, so I determined to go away. Fortunately, Carter could take my place on the paper, and after giving him my sketch-book, by way of inspiration for the printed matter he was expected to furnish, I disappeared."

Jermyn walked a few steps in silence, and Mrs. Erskine drew her furs closer about her throat. The red glow of a winter sunset gilded all the spires; the north wind, pure and cold, rushed up the narrow street; a slender steely crescent glittered between the house-tops.

"You met her in the country?" Mrs. Erskine ventured at length.

"Yes. She lived with her father in a brown old farmhouse beyond the village limits, and she had taken the postmistress's place for three months. At first she gave me my mail, and afterwards I used to help her in various ways. She had contrived to make the place look pretty and cool with flowers and muslin curtains. We talked a good deal, and I lent her some books. I used to take her home whenever she was late or her father could not come for her."

"Did you see anything of her at home?"

"Yes," he answered, with obvious reluctance. "I boarded at the farm-house—"

"Ah—"

"Don't think she interested me from the beginning," he exclaimed, hastily. "I lent her your last book, and told her about the paper, and gave her a few lessons in sketching. It was after she had read your book that our real friendship began. I led her on to talk of other books, and I told her something of my own theories and struggles, and how hard it was to understand yourself and your own limits." He spoke nervously, with a curious hesitation and embarrassment. "You don't help me out at all," he said to his companion; "and I feel like a thief—to steal her confidence and then put it on exhibition in this way."

"Go on."

"Well, one night she came to me and said she had studied and read, and watched the summer boarders, and now she wanted to write, and did I think she could do anything in that way? She said this with the prettiest confusion and humility," he added, conscientiously.

"And in answer to her urgent request, what did you tell her?" Mrs. Erskine asked, with a smile.

"I don't know. I don't think I told her anything at first. I was a little sorry and surprised, but I appeared delighted, interested, and profoundly flattered at her confidence. She confessed that I was the first person to whom she had told her longing."

"What did you do?"

"I asked her to let me see her work, and she bound me by a solemn promise to let her know the truth—just as a sick man binds his doctor to tell him the worst when he is making all his plans for a long and prosperous career."

He laughed a little, as if at some foolish, happy memory, but he did not share it with his companion. "I read the stories that night."

"Were they good?"

"Very good and very bad. I don't think she had a single literary theory of any description until she heard me talk as if she must know them—and then she adopted the ones I liked and believed in. But she had one gift. She could produce an effect in a line or a sentence where we would have to write a book. Her blue and yellow were green from the beginning; the transformation was magical and exact. In looking at her pictures you never smelt paint, or wondered who taught her. You had the feeling all the times that you were the clever observer of certain effects, not the creator."

"I know what you mean," Mrs. Erskine said, "and it is a rare talent, especially with American writers. The Russians have it, and perhaps the Italians, but our atmosphere does not seem to admit of it."

"I told her that," he continued, eagerly. "I advised her to make stories out of what she saw, to concentrate her feeling and fancy on the subjects nearest at hand, and I added that her work needed more literary sincerity. She could not see at first why her sketch of an inmate in an English hospital should be accounted less valuable than a study of faces in a country post-office. The result of my advice was an exquisite little idyl—by far the best thing she has done."

"So she took in what you meant at last?"

"In a way," said Jermyn. "That's why she came to the city," he stammered. "She made her love for music an excuse to her father, and she had saved some money from her post-office salary to enable her to attend a course at the Conservatory this year. She lives in a boarding-house, in a gallery room, and cooks her own meals. She writes at night, and practises all day. She is so brave and cheerful and independent. I would not dare to pity her. Every hardship she relishes as a promise of future good luck, and she goes about the city ready to read a story in a wrinkled old apple-woman, or an impudent newsboy, or a bank president, or a fine lady like you. Her estimates are curiously simple. A newspaper-office is a place of worship. She suspects the printer of literary opinions, and the porter of hiding behind a famous *nom de guerre*. A theatre is a temple of the drama, a picture-shop is a studio, never to be forgotten; and yet, with it all, she will recognize nothing but modern tendencies, and is a very Marie Bashkirtseff in her restless discontent."

His love of analysis had run away with him, and it took all of Mrs. Erskine's tact to bring him back to the subject, but by patience and skill she managed at last to form an idea of the writer's intimacy. Little by little the glimpses made pictures in her mind, like the head-pieces and tail-pieces of a choice edition—the long walks in the Park, the search for certain effective localities, the concerts and rehearsals, the half-glimpses of celebrities, the rides on the ferry on bright cold afternoons, the gay little luncheons and suppers, and certain red-letter nights when some grand theatrical star had glorified the dark horizon and made youth and art seem the sum of life's value.

As he talked on in his close, absorbed, eager way, Mrs. Erskine saw the girl more and more clearly, saw her figure in his attentive eyes, noted the courage and charm and womanliness of her modest independence. She knew him well—his faults of heart and brain and taste, his affectations and realities, his dangerous gift of sympathy—and she realized how much the girl must have developed in his quick, moulding hand.

"Dick," she turned upon him suddenly, "you sketch well; but will you ever paint a great picture, or write out a story to the end?" She felt herself grow hot and indignant suddenly, without reason, as this other woman's story appealed to her. "It was an experiment, and experiments are cruel, however profitable. Did you help her to find her soul—and what has she done with it?"

"I don't know," he started. "I was her friend and nothing more until this last week. She told me so much about herself, and somehow her frankness and trust in me put me on my honor. She has had trouble. Her father died suddenly, and the farm is mortgaged, and she had to go down to the country and face all kinds of misery."

"You went with her?" Mrs. Erskine asked.

"There was no one else to help her," he said. "Her father was a reformed drunkard, but he relapsed after she left. She had never known that it was his failing." His voice shook a little. "I went with her," he repeated; "I saw it all."

"And now she has come back?"

"And her coming means bread and butter and clothing. She thinks she can make something by writing, and if she went about it in the right way she might get some hack-work from a susceptible editor; but she does not know how; and besides, I would not let her," he added, fiercely.

"No, that wouldn't do," Mrs. Erskine assented, hurriedly. "She's too pretty and young for that business. Perhaps I might help her," she said, thoughtfully.

"Oh, there's nobody like you!" he exclaimed. "But wait; you have not heard all. I have talked of her very freely to you; I have told you all I know; but I have not said that it has taken months of patience, discretion, and watchfulness to know her. She does not give her confidence easily. I have had to earn it. She is an odd mixture of freedom and reserve, pride and humility, suspicion and innocence. There is nobody like her—nobody—and to-day I have behaved like a brute." He walked on in silence for a few minutes, and then began suddenly, with new courage and resolution: "It happened in this way: Carter and I had stopped at a little chop-house near the office to get lunch, and while we waited he began to ask various questions about the young lady who had been seen with me once or twice. I put him off jokingly, because I knew that if I showed any earnestness or annoyance he would never let me alone. Unfortunately I wrote to him last summer, described the village genius, her aspirations and limitations, the commonplace village surroundings and characters, and the letter happened to take his fancy. 'Write her up, Jermyn,' he said, in his quick, stuttering fashion. 'You might c-call it "An Unknown Celebrity," and make a hit. I like those character sketches. You might make it funny, give a poem or two, and some prose examples of her genius. You are awfully g-good at c-caricature.' He adjusted his eye-glass and looked up at me with a smile. I was so annoyed that I pushed away from the table and started to go, and there, at the next table, sat the girl herself."

"What did you do?" Mrs. Erskine asked, after a few minutes.

"She had on the blue dress," he went on, slowly—"she hasn't had the money to buy a black one—and she leant forward and stared at the wall. She looked so white, so ill, so *blind!* The little lunch she had ordered was cold. She had evidently been there some time, and had probably heard every word."

There was an inarticulate murmur of sympathy from his companion as he paused for breath.

"I don't know what I did exactly, but I found myself standing over her, saying something wild and extravagant, no doubt, for the people around stopped eating and the waiters looked at me strangely," he went on. "I don't think she even heard me. She got up, and I did not dare to follow her."

He stopped short and clasped his hands together as a woman might have done. Mrs. Erskine stopped too, and waited, with that painful tension of heart and nerves which she had felt before.

"I shall never forget her face," he continued, slowly. "I feel as if I could never make it up to her. I have led her on so cruelly; I have made her tell me all—her plans and hopes and ambitions; I have listened and read and criticised; and now I have betrayed her confidence, and—and I love her."

Mrs. Erskine thought she had divined and accepted the truth long before, but when the low, intense avowal reached her ear, her heart gave a painful throb and the blood left her face.

"I want you to help her," he continued, restlessly. "I have stopped thinking about myself. You don't know how this has hurt her. She is so sensitive, so humble, she thinks so little of herself. I want her to feel reinstated, to know her own talent, to rely on her own literary judgment. I am not as selfish as you think," he said, anxiously. "I believe in her as much as I love her, and I want you to make her believe in herself."

"Yes," Mrs. Erskine said. "Poor little thing!" She had strung herself up to a new effort as she felt her disciplined strength gradually subdue that gnawing, terrible pain which had made her face blanch so suddenly.

"Only a woman can help her," he urged. "The slightest touch from my hands would bruise her. Go to her; be good to her. You are strong and generous; you would count for something with her when my sympathy would seem almost an insult." He stopped under a flaring electric light and awaited her decision. "You are the only woman in the world I would trust her with," he said.

And still she delayed her answer, studying every detail of his kind face and irresolute figure with that eager keenness of vision which always distinguished her in moments of excitement. Something in his voice or manner or attitude touched her into a sudden curious softness. She put out her hand with an inexplicable thrill of pride and compassion, and turned her face citywards. "Take me to her, Dick," she said. "I will do what I can."

He turned abruptly and led the way down the street towards the business portion of the city. They walked on in silence, he absorbed in his own thoughts, she blinding herself resolutely to the consequences of anything she might do. She was not quite clear yet as to the trouble she had to soothe; she had not decided upon any plan of action; she was not thinking of the woman; she was thinking of the man by her side, and a little, perhaps, of herself. When they halted at last before a tall dingy house, she held out her hand in token of dismissal. "Be at my house at nine o'clock," she said, "and send a carriage here immediately. You must go now," as he demurred somewhat.

He turned obediently and went down the steps.

"My God, how I am trusting you!" he exclaimed, looking up at her.

"I know it," she answered, simply, "and you shall not repent it."

He waited until the door was opened, and then walked down the street.

"Is Miss English in?" Mrs. Erskine asked. "Direct me to her room, please," she added, as the servant hesitated. "I know she will receive me."

"Third floor, fourth gallery room," the woman answered, shortly, pointing up a dim winding stairway at the back of the hall. "She didn't seem right well when she came in," she added, as Mrs. Erskine started up the stairs. "Take care, and look where you are going."

"Thank you." Mrs. Erskine smiled down upon her graciously, and continued on her way.

Her progress was frequently interrupted by unexpected turns and sudden landings, the intermittent gleam of gas, the broken glimpses of various interiors. On the second floor the fretful cry of a sick child tugged at her heart-strings, and somewhere an uncertain finger thumped out a popular air on a discordant piano. She was out of breath when she reached the third floor and passed out on the long gallery which overlooked the tiny brick court-yard. These rooms were smaller, meaner, poorer than the others, ill lighted, and badly ventilated; small boxes flanked by a wilderness of chimney-pots, the only pleasant relief being afforded by the square patch of wintry starlit sky. Mrs. Erskine walked swiftly along the gallery, and glanced into the room before she entered. The picture stamped itself on her brain in all its pathetic, homely details—the bare whitewashed walls, the neat little bed, the few provincial photographs, the long feathery grasses which waved over the mantel-piece, the disordered writing-table near the single window in the room, the fireless grate, and, finally, the tall, slight, central figure of the girl herself.

"Ah!"

Helen English did not hear the exclamation or see the attentive, watchful figure in the doorway. She looked up once over her shoulder in a curious, guilty, furtive fashion, and then continued measuring a spoonful of dark liquid into a glass.

A faint, sickening odor filled the room, and she raised the glass to her lips with a steady hand.

"What!" she said, hurriedly, in a low voice, as if in explanation of the second's delay. "Oh!"— with a long-drawn cry—"you have no right—no right—" The glass dropped from her hand, the liquid streamed down upon the floor, where it made a little pool which looked like blood. She put out her hands, and made a step backward.

The two women looked at each other, an indignant question in the eyes of each, an appeal, an answer. The hum of the streets below, the rolling of wheels and sharp street cries, the prolonged wail of the sick child, the metallic whisper of the wind as it struck the electric wires together, were borne to them faintly in the pause, and then Mrs. Erskine recovered herself and came forward with outstretched hands. "You must come home with me," she said. "I came here for a business talk. I want you to help me out of a difficulty." She stood quite near the girl; she held the thin young hand close in her own. Something of the old imperious graciousness with which she ruled her daily afternoon coterie came back to her, with an added eagerness of sympathy. As she watched the quivering face before her she fell back upon social usages in order to prevent the nervous breakdown which was obviously threatening. "You are cold," she said, "and I am very inconsiderate to keep this door open." She closed it as she spoke, and then returned and busied herself in fastening her own fur cape around the girl's slight figure, not waiting for her assent, and pretending not to notice the omission of a single social ceremony. "Now you must come with me," she said.

"I am not fit—" and the girl made a gesture of denial.

"You must come with me," with gentle insistence. Helen raised her eyes and studied the face before her, the sweet mouth, the sad eyes, the fine generous brow, the meaning and history written in the faintly traced lines, and she decided instinctively to trust the woman before her.

"I will go," she said, brokenly; "I think I need help, too."

They went down the steps together, and were met at the door by an obsequious cabman.

"Afraid I'm late, ma'am? Drive you straight home?"

Mrs. Erskine nodded assent, and they got in and were driven away. They were both silent during the drive, Mrs. Erskine flushed, erect, every sense under command; the other woman broken, crushed, defeated, lying back on the cushions with her face hidden in her hands. When the carriage stopped at last, Helen followed Mrs. Erskine without a question. The little pause in the warm, brilliant hall made her suddenly realize how cold she was, and she found herself looking around with the idle, bewildered curiosity of a child.

But Mrs. Erskine did not linger long. After giving a few subdued orders to the servant in attendance, she led the way up stairs through the bright warm dining-room and well-stocked library to the drawing-room, where the gas was not yet lighted, and where the firelight was reflected with twofold brilliancy by the china and mirrors, the grand piano, and solid, handsome old furniture.

There was an easy-chair drawn up to the fire, and Helen sank into it in obedience to Mrs. Erskine's motioned request. The long beautiful room, the glowing fire, the rich hangings, the scent of the roses in a bowl close at hand, overpowered her for the moment. The trouble, the doubt, the anger, and disappointment of the day died within her. She turned to Mrs. Erksine with an impulsive little gesture of entreaty.

"What made you think of me?" she said. "Why did you bring me here? I wonder how I can be of any use to you? You don't know me."

"I have been thinking a great deal about you," Mrs. Erskine said. "You need not be afraid of my thoughts." She smiled a little, and then went on, practically: "I came to you on a matter of business. I have charge of a certain department in a weekly journal, and we are tired of the old contributors. I have heard of you, and I want to know if you can help us in our Christmas number. We would not ask more than a sketch from you, and I feel sure we could arrange satisfactory terms of payment." She turned away as she spoke, feeling it a sort of treason that she should watch the story in the poor pale face opposite. "Take this," she said, kindly, offering a glass of sherry and a biscuit. "I am sure you need something."

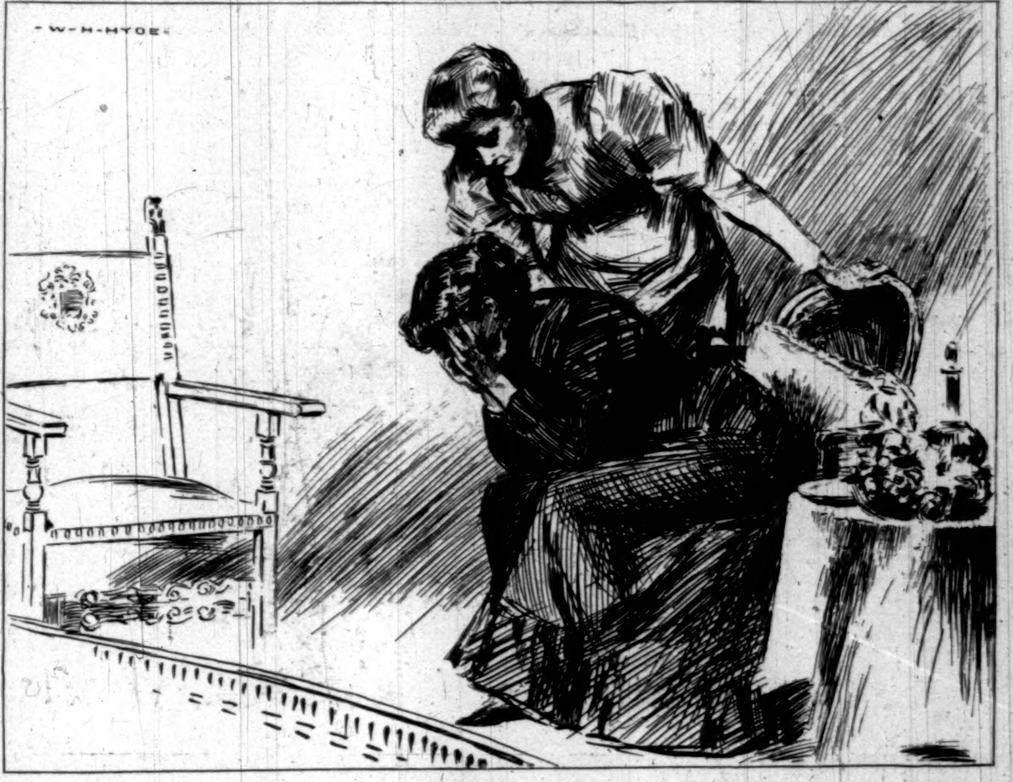
"I do." The girl rose and pushed the wine away from her. "I need strength and hope. I need patience to bear with myself and other people," she exclaimed, bitterly. "Don't think me wicked or ungrateful, but—" She laughed a little and looked about her in angry despair. "It is not you, but it is everything that has gone wrong with me all day—ever since I can remember."

"Helen—"

"I know you," she went on, in a softer voice. "I have read your books. I know something of your life, and that I am only an object of benevolence in it. Don't waste your pity on me. I am not worth it." She sank back into her chair and held out her hands to the warming blaze. "It's come too late," she said, drearily. "If you had only seen me yesterday, your offer would have seemed like fame and fortune; but I am wiser to-day. I might have taken advantage of you then. I know better now. I shall not trouble you"—with a poor little effort after dignity; and then she sat quite still and white, and looked into the fire.

"You don't understand—" Mrs. Erskine ventured, after a pause.

"I do understand, and I thank you," she said. "I used to know a man who gave me a great deal of good advice," she went on, "and he told me that I lacked one essential quality of literary success, *viz.*, experience; but he was mistaken. I am like a man who has looked at the sun and is blind forever afterwards. I could not write now; I could not give myself another name and dress my wounds, or lay my heart open before a gaping audience, who want real fire, real smoke, real blood. Before—before I knew this man I could write, I could feel what I wrote, and I knew whether it was good or not; but it seems now as if I had never felt, never known, never written. And then I came here; I began to learn, to use my eyes, to know the world around me. I lived according to my measure, and I acknowledge there is something fine in that strain on one's capacity. It is like a horse racing to a goal he does not see. Something goes from you; you lose the sense of the stars above, and the fitful breath of the wind, and the scent of the meadows under your feet in the choking dust and the sense of strained muscles; even the flying landscape seems blurred and spotted with blood. One can't live always like that; and yet—and yet I could not be content with the old life now." She looked down for a moment, and then continued in a lower voice: "It is a loss—that sense of creation—the one imaginary human life or experience that springs up within you and will not be denied utterance, that curious inner excitement which haunts and possesses you and makes you indifferent to all outside things. I have spent long nights peering through the darkness at my own drama, touched and thrilled by my own eloquence, and now—and now"—she let her hands fall heavily, and spoke hurriedly—"it is gone—all gone. I have fallen among thieves. I have been robbed. I see my old stories, the ones I have loved and tried to do justice to, in a new light. They are poor, pale, pitiful, dwarfed or caricatured by my conceit and vanity. I can't care for them any more. I can't look at them. I can only look at myself and wonder."



"'YOU ARE STRONG; YOU CAN AFFORD TO BE MERCIFUL.'"

Mrs. Erskine interrupted with a swift little gesture of sympathy. "You don't think—" she began.

"Yes, I think," the girl answered, with hasty bitterness. "I have learned to think, and it has made my head ache." She lifted her hand to her head with a tired gesture, and for the first time her voice broke, as if in pity for herself.

There was a long pause. The two women looked steadfastly at each other, each fighting her own battle for composure. To the older woman it was a cruel spectacle, the rawness, the crudity, the over-tragic emotion of youth, its pride and passion and swift, unreckoning judgments. Her eyes were not clear as she looked, and there came over her suddenly the old desire to help, to succor, to save this girl from the wave—life and experience—that threatened to overwhelm her. For the second time that evening she refused to consider the consequences of her own acts, and obeyed the same unreasoning impulse which sends a man into the water after a drowning fellow-creature.

"I would like," she began, "to tell you a story."

"And I—I am tired of stories. I must go. Perhaps you may make something of me. That is all I can ever be to you—a sketch from life, a snatch of experience, a side scene to a great stage-setting, once used and then thrown aside to be crumpled, disfigured, forgotten," she replied, harshly, and then seeing the face opposite sorrowful, comprehending, unresentful, she broke down utterly. "Oh, why did you ever come?" she said. "Why can't you let me alone? You hurt me! you hurt me!" And then again, as if every tender look and word stabbed her: "You have no right to hurt me so! You hurt me! Let me alone!"

They were close to each other now; the whole room seemed to have grown stiller and darker; even the fire had died down into a mass of glowing coals.

"You must hear my story," Mrs. Erskine began. "It is a story of a girl—a girl like you—only you don't know your own story out to the end. She was young like you once; she was hopeful and ardent and exacting. She thought she could govern her own life and dictate to other people's hearts, and yet live according to the gods she had set up for herself. Her gods were essentially a woman's gods, and wore a very godlike spirit to her eyes. There was Pride, and Modesty, and Self-respect, and Sympathy, and Generosity, and Self-effacement, and she marched according to their various contradictory laws, without questioning or revolt."

She stopped a minute, and her companion's hand trembled in her own.

"And what happened?" Helen asked.

"On her way one dark night," Mrs. Erskine continued, "she fell in with a comrade who helped her over the rough places and kept her from stumbling, and held her hand in his with a frank, firm clasp. She learned to listen for his step and to know it among the thousand footsteps of her fellow-wayfarers, to look for his handsome face and big shoulders, to know his whistles and moods and ill-humors, to feel his secret gladness or disappointment or fear. She cared so much that she lived in a passion of dread lest she should disappoint him or cheapen herself in his eyes, or in some way lessen her power over him. She knew that he cared for her, too, but she wanted him to care for her in the same tender, exalted fashion in which she clung to him. She also knew that it rested with her to make him care for her in this way, but here her gods stepped in and forbade her to bid or bargain for the prize which should have been laid at her feet as a just tribute. She grew difficult, exacting—perhaps, after all, she wanted more than he was capable of giving—at any rate, they misunderstood each other."

Again she stopped, and when she began a few minutes later she spoke hurriedly without looking up. "She would not listen to explanation or apology, or even the beating of her own heart. She sent him away, far away beyond her reach. She did not know at first what she had done, but after a while she knew, and tried to lose herself in other people's lives, because she had not any heart for her own. She even married a man who loved her, and tried to comfort herself with the thought that her husband missed nothing in her. And the lie went on for years, and had to be lived out in the most cruel little details. She was spared nothing—no knowledge, however bitter, the loss of no illusion, however precious. And then her worst punishment came. Her husband died; she was free, and she met the other man in familiar every-day intercourse; saw him changed, deteriorated, purposeless, scorning the old beliefs, endorsing her decision, and using her without thought or feeling for anything but his own selfish ends."

"It was hard," Helen said quickly, hoarsely; "it was hard."

"And everything might have been so different had she but listened or waited. Looking at it now, she sees her mistake, and knows she might have saved him as well as herself. Life is so strong, there should be no weakness in yielding a little. Love is so great, there should be no shame in a partial surrender. We cannot live according to the gods. We are human beings with hearts—hearts that clamor and beat and ache, and must be heard and listened to."

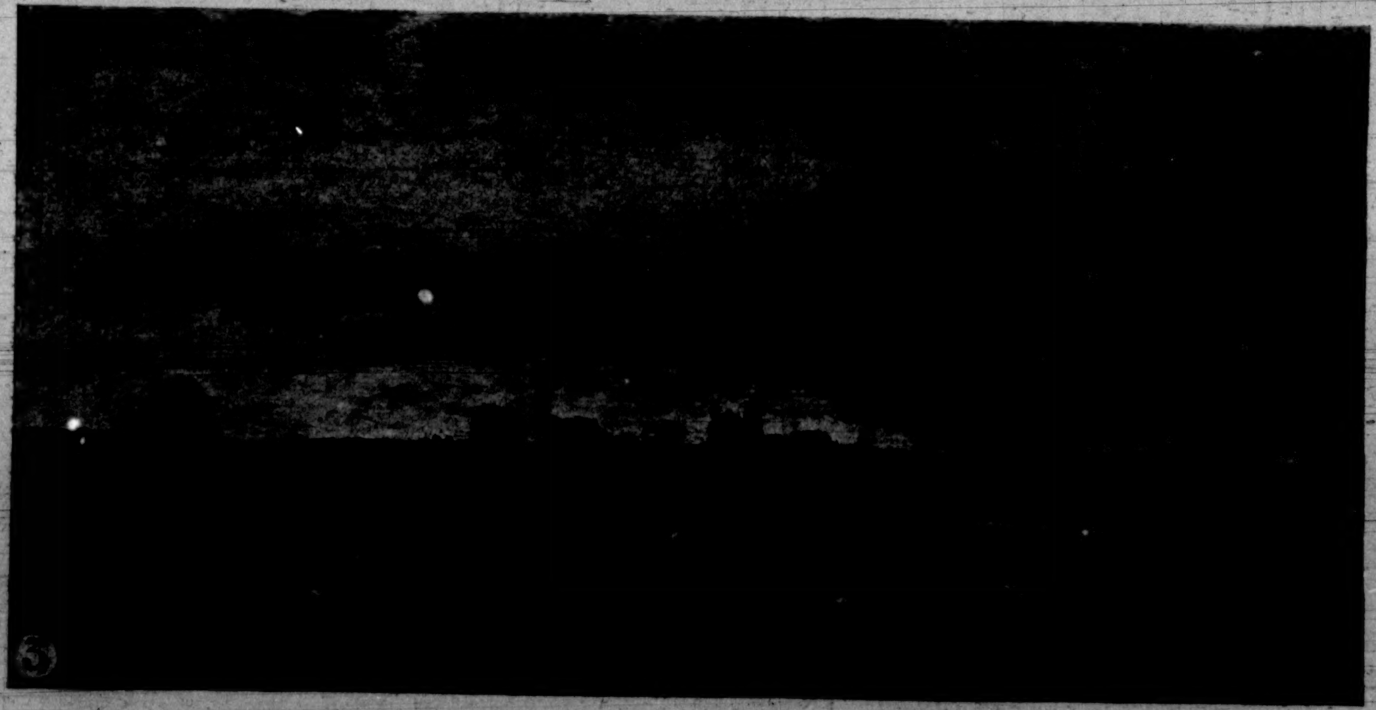
The pain in her eyes, the ring of passionate sincerity in her voice, the touch of haste in her attitude as she rose and looked around the room, made Helen look up. She tried to speak, but the words refused to come, and she sat there vainly trying to pierce the shadows which surrounded her and see her way clear. Mrs. Erskine stood as if listening, her whole being concentrated in the effort to make sure of the muffled ring of the door-bell which had come faintly to her ears. There was so much to be done, and so little time in which to do it. She felt tied, desperate; every pulse in her body struggled to be free. The rattle of carriage wheels on the stones without, the peal of bells from a neighboring steeple, the sudden opening and closing of the heavy street door below, seemed to mingle in some mysterious way with this paralyzing sense of fatigue and loneliness. In the midst of the warmth and plenty of the luxurious rooms and full useful life which stretched before her she felt old, starved, cold; and then she caught sight of the pale, imploring face opposite and forced herself to be strong again.

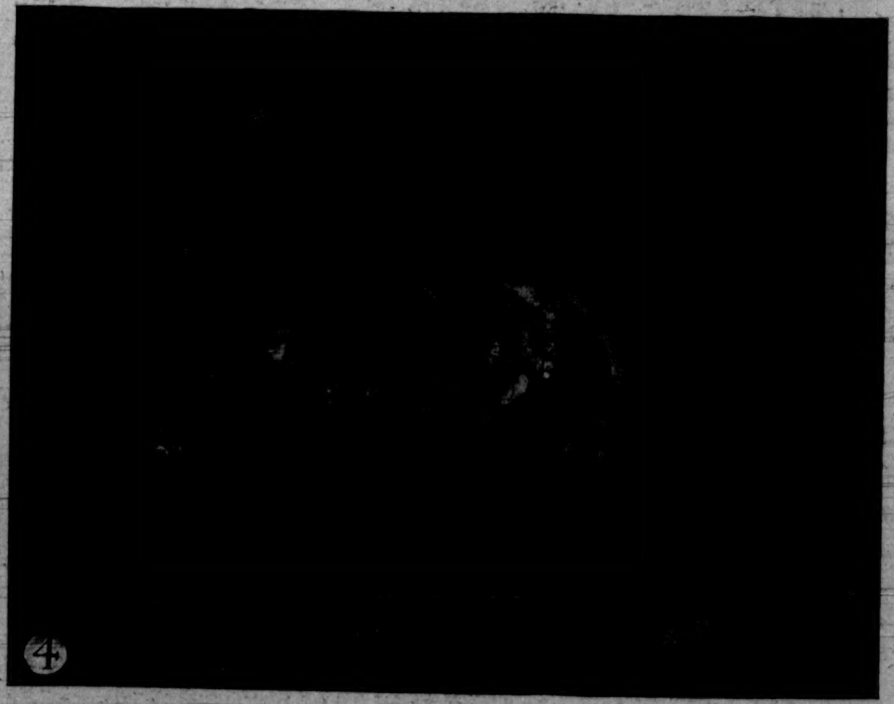
"Dear," she said, leaning over the girl, "why should you be afraid?" But Helen made no sign, and turned her face away. "Remember," Mrs. Erskine went on tenderly, "that it is only by understanding another's heart that we ever come to understand our own. Don't be too proud," she whispered, breathlessly. "And you are strong; you can afford to be merciful."

She bent down and kissed the bowed, unresponsive head again and again, and then passed into the next room as Jermyn's step was heard in the hall.

ON THE WAY TO THE KLONDIKE—BOAT-BUILDING AT LAKE LINDEMAN.—From Photographs by Tappan Adney, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly."—[See Page 19.]

1. Whip-sawing Lumber. 2. Hand-planing the Boards. 3. Spar-making. 4. Boat under Construction. 5. Tappan Adney and his Dory. 6. Calking the Seams. 7. Finishing Touches. 8. His Dory and Tappan Adney. 9. A Launching-Bee.





FROM THE STEWART COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS.—REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 6.]

1. "Arab Fantasia," by M. Fortuny. 2. "Café Ambulant," by Roman Ribera. 3. "Antwerp on the Oise," by C. F. Daubigny. 4. "Checkmated," by Eduardo Zamacois.

THE INDIAN TERRITORY PROBLEM.

It is hereby declared to be the duty of the United States to establish a government in the Indian Territory which will rectify the many inequalities and discriminations now existing in said Territory, and afford needful protection to the lives and property of all citizens and residents thereof.

This clause, in the general Indian appropriation act for the fiscal year 1897, had no rightful place there. It was framed in a committee of conference, for the purpose of slipping it through Congress with other odds and ends of legislation which pass without much scrutiny in the confusion of a closing session. In the Senate the trick did not escape notice, and the debate which it provoked lasted the larger part of a week; yet only two speakers attempted any general consideration of the merits of the policy to which the United States government was in the act of committing itself, the principal topics of discussion being certain legal technicalities involved. This is significant as indicating that, in spite of its illegitimate origin, the declaration did reflect the sentiment of Congress and foreshadow more elaborate legislation in the near future. Even so sympathetic an observer as Mr. Julian Ralph is reluctantly forced to confess the Indian Territory experiment a failure.* Congress reached the same conclusion long ago, and after many delays began to write its verdict in the statute-book. The choice was then presented to the friends of the Indian either to resist a movement which was obviously past checking, or to seize the reins and try to guide it.

Three obstacles embarrass all discussion of the Indian Territory problem: first, a confused notion of the contents of our treaties with the Indian nations and of their binding force; second, a tendency to criticise the recommendations of the Dawes Commission without pausing to inquire just what those recommendations have been; and third, a fancy that any change in existing conditions must necessarily be hostile to the welfare of the Indians, as well as contrary to their wishes.

As to the first difficulty, the trained lawyer is referred to the statutes and the decisions of the courts. To the ordinary reader it must suffice to say that an Indian treaty is an anomalous instrument establishing no such relations as a foreign treaty. The treaty-making power does not reside in an Indian tribe or nation. The practice of making treaties with Indians came down to us from ancestors who acted under the pressure of temporary exigencies and without any settled policy. It has been a curse; for the treaties of peace and trade with which earlier generations were content have expanded by degrees into the treaties of protection, of isolation, of willing pauperism on the one side, and reckless bribery on the other, so familiar in our day.

The original treaties with the Five Civilized Tribes were discreditable to the American people. Both duty and interest urged the encouragement of a process of race amalgamation or absorption which had already made some small beginnings. But such a policy presented difficulties which it was easier to shirk than to meet. So, instead of setting patiently about the humane task of civilizing their red neighbors and gradually inducting them into citizenship, the white people took the easier alternative of gathering them into a group and moving them off to a place beyond the extreme Western frontier, where it was supposed that the tide of white settlement would not reach them for many years, if ever.

The first treaties were founded on a theory of tribal autonomy, it is true; but the relations of the several tribes with the Southern Confederacy during the civil war wiped those out, and the new treaties, made in 1866, were pervaded with a wholly different spirit.

Take the Cherokee treaty as a type. Under this a United States court was to be established in the tribal territory; railroads were to be permitted to traverse it when authorized by Congress; the powers of the tribal government were circumscribed in many ways; the President of the United States was given discretion to suspend any law which seemed to bear inequitably upon certain elements of the population; provision was made for an annual general council or Territorial legislature, its members to be elected upon a basis of apportionment sanctioned by the United States government, its presiding officer to be designated by the Secretary of the Interior, and its members and officers to be paid for their services out of the United States Treasury; the enactment of any law "inconsistent with the Constitution of the United States or laws of Congress" was prohibited, and the President's approval was required for any enlargement of the council's powers.

These citations suffice to show how hollow a sham is the so-called "autonomy" secured to the Indians under their present treaties. It is not autonomy at all. It was not intended to be autonomy. The underlying idea of all the treaties of 1866 is the supremacy of the Federal government and the subjection of the Indian tribes. The "reconstruction" policy of that era was applied to the Indian Territory as radically as to South Carolina or Louisiana, and the Indians themselves subscribed to the instruments asserting it.

Now what did the Dawes Commission propose, to provoke so loud a chorus of denunciation and reproach? After spending a large part of two years in the Territory, trying to induce the Indians to meet the impending change half-way and put themselves in position to control it, they suggested in their report for 1895 the outlines of a general policy, as follows:

1. A Territorial government over the Five Civilized Tribes, adapted to their peculiarly anomalous conditions, so framed as to secure all rights of residents in the same, and without impairing the vested rights of the citizen Indian or other person not an intruder.

2. The extension of the jurisdiction of the United States courts in the Territory, both in law and equity, to hear and determine all controversies and suits of any nature concerning any right in, or use and occupation of, the tribal lands of the several nations, to which any citizen Indian or other person, or the tribal government of any nation, is or may be made a party, plaintiff or defendant.

This does not read like a threat of violence. The recommendation of a Territorial government does not even imply the deposition of the Indians from power. It would be met substantially by the establishment of such a central authority as was contemplated by the treaties of 1866, but never erected. That, surely, was one "adapted to the anomalous conditions" of the tribes, and, while "so framed as to secure all rights of residents," it avoided "impairing the vested rights of the citizen Indian." Many good persons insist that no resident of the Territory, unless a member of a tribe, has any rights which deserve securing, and hence that any recognition of their presence there is a surrender to the demands of the unlawful trespassers. But this is a sweeping assumption. The Dawes Commission simply do not prejudge any case, but call for the extension of the jurisdiction of the United States courts to the ascertainment of the rights of all parties, and for the establishment of a government capable of enforcing those rights when ascertained, whether they be vested or inchoate, legal or equitable, the rights of an Indian or of a white man.

It will be asked, Why not leave the Indians to settle these questions themselves? The answer will be found in the existing condition of affairs in the Territory, where a small group of members of each tribe have monopolized its government, property, and profits. In the tribal system as applied there the communal feature is an empty name. In settling vexatious questions of civil status and property rights, the United States courts would presumptively act with as keen a sense of justice as the Indian judges, and certainly with a more highly trained intelligence, besides being free from the pecuniary interest which all the governing class of Indians have in their own decisions. Not all the non-citizens living in the Territory are trespassers in a moral sense. A large majority unquestionably are there by invitation or consent of the Indians. Their privileges cannot be summarily cut off without inflicting as serious a wrong on the whites and negroes as was ever inflicted on the red man.

Moreover, experience proves that the Indians, even backed by the strong arm of the Federal government, are incompetent to manage these things. Commissioner Morgan undertook to clear the Territory of intruders, but had to give it up as impracticable. He procured from the War Department a detail of troops to assist the agent, and operations were begun with the Chickasaw Nation in the summer of 1891. To show the difficulties of the work, a district 400 square miles in area, where the Chickasaw authorities had complained of the presence of 300 families of intruders, was scoured by the troops, but only nine intruders were found there. The commissioner thus explained the default:

Many of the names on the lists submitted by the Nation were fictitious; many others were names of parties who had held permits for years, of Mexican-war veterans of whom no permit had ever been demanded, of widows and aged men who had never been asked to pay for permits, of fathers and mothers who were visiting their intermarried children, and of ministers of the gospel of whom no permits had ever been required; that Chickasaw permit-collectors had issued hundreds of permits which had not been reported, and which were paid for in good faith, and were held by non-citizens listed as intruders, who also held permits for each previous year of their residence in the Chickasaw Nation; and that parties reported by Chickasaw authorities as intruders were, with rare exceptions, law-abiding men, who were in the Nation under permits issued by legally qualified officers.

The suggestions of the Dawes Commission called forth such a storm of criticism, chiefly from persons who had not taken the trouble to consider the Indian Territory problem in its broadest aspect, that some of the best friends of the Indians, in Congress and out, were puzzled as to their duty in the premises. Recognizing the strength and meaning of the reorganization movement, and knowing that it had passed the point where anything could stem it, their great desire was to procure such legislation as would graduate the changes instead of leaving them to be precipitated suddenly, and perhaps with peril to all the interests concerned. Out of a mass of proposed legislation was evolved finally an amendment to the annual appropriation act containing the clause which introduces this article, and also directing the Dawes Commission to "proceed at once to hear and determine the application of all persons who may apply to them for citizenship in any of said (Indian) nations"—that is, to have their names added to the existing rolls, which for this purpose are confirmed—and "determine the right of such applicants to be so admitted and enrolled, that every application must be made within three months of the passage of the act, and decided within ninety days after it is made; that in determining applications "the commission shall respect all laws of the several nations or tribes not inconsistent with the laws of the United States, and all treaties with either of said nations or tribes, and shall give due force and effect to the rolls, usages, and customs of each of said nations or tribes"; and that any aggrieved party shall have the right of appeal to the United States District Court, whose judgment shall be final. Under this authority the commission has since acted.

We have now reached the third point of difficulty—the widespread popular notion that any change in existing conditions must necessarily be hostile to the welfare of the Indians and contrary to their wishes.

In view of the situation in the Indian Territory, it may well be questioned whether the Indian citizen of the Territory—the real Indian, not the white man with an infinitesimal strain of Indian blood—can be much worse off under any changed order than he is now. Even Mr. Ralph admits that the real Indian is crowded into the shadows of the horizon, while the foreground is filled by his pale-faced brother, who makes laws for his guidance and punishment, construes and executes those laws, leases the lands and mineral deposits in which each owns an equal share, and pockets substantially all the revenues and enjoys all the benefits flowing therefrom. How is the real Indian to be injured by having a fair distribution made of the assets of the partnership—by being offered a better chance in life, whether he chooses to avail himself of it or not, or by being given a competent tribunal to which he can apply for justice when he believes that he has been wronged?

One of the oddest features of the opposition to any change in the Indian Territory, as we find it among the intelligent whites outside, is that some of the most vigorous resistance comes from the very people who believe that the lands-in-severalty policy is the Indian's hope for the future. They cried aloud for the severalty law before it was enacted, and have religiously championed it since. Yet that law does for the inhabitants of the ordinary reservations precisely what is now proposed for the inhabitants of the Territory; it strikes a mortal blow at the patriarchal system of government in the tribe; it takes the Indian out of the tribal mass and makes an individual of him; it invests the individual with political privileges to which his white neighbor attaches the utmost importance; it starts him in life with property and the sense of its ownership. But mark the differences. The Indian Territory programme promulgated by the Dawes Commission contemplates no violent and sudden rupture of the old relations; the severalty act does. The Indian Territory programme requires special legislation at every stage, with the opportunity which that gives for discussion and the weighing of details; the severalty act is general in its application, and liable to enforcement with almost any tribe, in any place, at any moment. The Indian Territory programme involves a multitude of preliminaries; the severalty act may be put into operation by a mere stroke of a President's pen. The Indian Territory programme is accused of violating treaties, and in its first stages even its friendly executants invite a limitation of their own powers by the requirement that they shall keep the tribal treaties and laws and customs always in view. But the severalty act does not inquire whether the tribe made subject to it has ever had a treaty; it ignores everything except the one end to which it is itself directed—the fulfilment of the government's duty to improve the condition of the Indian. If the protests against a new order in Indian Territory have so sound a basis, why were they not uttered, and even more loudly, when the severalty act was passed? And if the incipient revolution in the Territory is "an outrage upon Indian rights and our national honor," what becomes of the severalty law as "a new Declaration of Independence"?

The claim that the Territory Indians themselves resist all change in the existing conditions is not susceptible of proof at this stage. No trustworthy evidence is forthcoming as to what the Indians as a whole do desire. Their business at Washington is managed by a lobby made up of men with skins as light as those of ninety per cent. of the American citizens who read these lines. The lobby represents only the governing class and their beneficiaries—the fair-complexioned tribal barons who have taken possession of the common property of their people for their personal use, and the white men whom they have invited in from the States to furnish the capital and labor for their joint enterprises on a royalty basis.

It is to the pecuniary interest of both these elements that only one side of the Territory story should reach the ears of the American people. The white lessees dread the dissemination of the whole truth because it may hasten the day of their dispossession, or at least of an increase of competition; the mixed-bloods dread it lest it lead to the restoration of a real communal system or to a permanent partition of the tribal property. What chance has the truth against such a combination for its suppression? And how are we to know that the rank and file of the Indian population of the Territory, if the true state of affairs were laid before them, would not welcome their deliverance from the oligarchy, and their admission to a share in the good things which by right belong to all alike?

The affairs of the Territory have now reached a crisis which should move all right-feeling whites to drop past differences and unite to see that the Indians' interests are thoroughly protected. We might draw an imaginary circle once more around the Indian Territory, as our fathers did, leave its people to their fate, and waste our strength in dismal lamentations over the rapacity of the white frontiersman and the shortcomings of the Federal police power; but that would be a policy of cowardice. We have, as a people, assumed guardianship over the American Indians, and we cannot afford to shirk further responsibility for their civilization by herding them apart and putting them out of sight and out of mind. The whole theory on which the Territory was established was a blunder. It encouraged the continuance of a deplorable race distinction, the perpetuation of a social and political anomaly. It ignored the philosophy of history which shows that a lower civilization derives its most wholesome stimulus from contact with a higher one. The other alternative which presented itself at that day—the amalgamation of the Five Civilized Tribes with our national system—would have required vastly more thought, more patience, more humanity, more statesmanship, but in the end it would have put the Indian upon the same footing as the white man before the law, and opened to him the same opportunities for self-improvement and success in life.

What becomes of the Indian after the changes in the Territory are complete will depend largely upon the practical form his white friends are willing to give to their benevolence. It is common to hear good people bemoan the breaking down of the barriers between the races, because so many members of the weaker race are ruined by contamination with the vices of the stronger. These reasoners do not stop to count the percentage of Indians who pass this test with credit. They do not even pause to inquire whether the Indians in the Indian Territory to-day, far as they may be from an ideal condition, are not indebted for all the advantages they do enjoy to the fact that, in defiance of the policy of the government in planting them there sixty years ago, they have let in a larger contingent of whites.

To those readers to whom this article seems hard in spirit are commended the remarks of Dr. Albert E. Dunning, of Boston, at the Mohonk Conference in October, 1895. Into a few crisp sentences he put a volume of philanthropic philosophy. "We are learning," said he, "that civilization has its cruel as well as its beneficent side. It takes courage to hold consistently to our position, but it is the only position that brings any solution to the Indian question; the Indian must cease to be an Indian. He is our brother, and he must be treated as a brother, and not as a child. In the process many will be sacrificed; but we shall never settle these matters till we take the race as a whole and are willing to run the risk of the loss of individuals, that we may save the race by abolishing it and making no distinction between the Indian and the white man. The problem is now passing from the political to the moral side. It is a problem of character, and that is not solved in a day."

FRANCIS E. LEUPP.

* See "The Unique Plight of the Five Nations," published in HARPER'S WEEKLY for January 4, 1896.

NEWS FROM THE KLONDIKE.

As a result of the condition of the Canadian mail service in the Northwest, private advices from Mr. Tappan Adney, the WEEKLY'S correspondent in the Klondike gold-fields, have reached the editor in advance of the batch of manuscript for publication which was expected with them.

While what Mr. Adney writes privately is merely a whet for the better things of his correspondence when it comes, there is much in his private letter of general interest. He wrote before the end of October from Tagish Lake, just as he was starting on his voyage by water down the chain of lakes and small streams which lead into the Yukon, and from their confluence with the Yukon to Dawson City. He had encountered and overcome the worst difficulties of his journey. According to the estimates given by Mr. Hurlburt, of the Oregon Navigation Company, the detailed distances of the route from Dyea to Tagish Lake are: From the town itself to the head of canoe navigation, six miles; thence two miles to the forks of Dyea River, and six miles to the summit of the Chilkoot Pass, 3350 feet above sea-level; then nine miles to the head of Lake Lindeman; with the lake, four miles; and thence one mile to Lake Bennet; twenty-six miles along Lake Bennet, and from its foot three miles to Tagish Lake. In opening his letter from that point, Mr. Adney writes:

I have reached here safely. The boat behaves splendidly in the heavy seas on the lakes, and draws well besides. The chances are good for reaching Dawson, but I have not an hour to lose. Men coming up the river say there is no scarcity of food—flour only $6 a sack (selling at Bennet for $25, sack of fifty pounds). We will sail now day and night. I take this occasion to say that if you can send to this post a parcel or parcels of HARPER'S WEEKLY or MAGAZINE it will greatly facilitate me in the getting of news and in transmission of what I have to send. Stations will be established every fifty miles this winter—three or four men and two dogs to a station—for the carriage of the winter's mail. Kindly address any such to John Godson, care Mounted Police, Tagish Lake. Their own teams will bring stuff from Skagway or Dyea. This will help me very much. The Canadians are handling the customs here with much judgment, in contrast to that of our own government at Dyea and Skagway. The officers have full discretion, and are using it—inflicting no hardship on those who have come through with money all gone, which is almost every one. There will be about thirty of the mounted police here, in charge of Inspector Stuckland, and it will be a great boon to them to get the papers, and it will help me also.

The total distance from Dyea to Dawson City is placed at 575 miles, so that at Tagish Lake Mr. Adney had some 500 miles of his journey still before him. Its worst difficulties had been overcome, however, and there is every reason to believe that he is now in Dawson City—perhaps on shorter rations than he expected when about to leave Tagish Lake.

The all-important question in the Klondike now is not of how much gold, but of how much pork and flour it contains. Accounts are conflicting, but there seems to be no sufficient ground as yet to challenge the current report that there has been an exodus from Dawson City because of the threat of famine. It may not amount to a "stampede," as it has been called, but advices from other parts of the Northwest Territory, taken in connection with Mr. Adney's letter, make it possible to form a reasonably reliable approximation of the actual situation at this writing.

The most accurate forecast of the winter conditions at Dawson City is, no doubt, that made in a signed statement from Thomas Fawcett, Canadian gold-inspector for the Northwest Territory, and D. W. Davis, Canadian collector of customs, who wrote from Dawson City just before the closing of the trail: "We have carefully looked into the present distressing situation in regard to the supply of food for the winter, and we can see only one way out of the difficulty—that of an immediate move down the river of all those who are now unsupplied to Fort Yukon, where there is a large stock of provisions.... It is almost beyond possibility that more food will reach this district, so that starvation now stares every man in the face who is waiting and hoping for outside relief."

There is no doubt of the authenticity of this document, nor is there room to doubt that the men who signed it were in a position to know the existing situation and to forecast probabilities with accuracy.

Less credit may be given to stories that several hundred people are now cooped up in the passes or strung out along the frozen streams of the way back to Dyea. When Mr. Adney wrote, the routes were still occupied by advancing parties, and reports of great scarcity and hardships were being sent back. These he challenges, and his general view of the situation for the winter is a cheerful one. He says, in closing his letter, that he doubts the famine stories from Dawson City. "I have talked with the mail-carriers and police here" (at Tagish Lake), he writes. "They have information. They expect a great rush of people in the spring. There will be good wages for all who get in before winter ($1 50 an hour during the winter); I have had my hands full of boat-building and packing, and there has been no moment to spare. I am now well of my illness, and Brown, who is with me, is a strong and faithful man."

The Assistant United States District Attorney for Alaska made a statement of conditions existing in the gold-fields and along the routes just before the territory became snow-bound which agrees in nearly everything with Mr. Adney's observations. He thought that there was no need for any one to die of hardship in the Klondike region or along the trails. He cited the case of a "stenographer and type-writer" weighing only 115 pounds on starting, who, though unaccustomed to hardship, had nevertheless managed to take on twelve pounds of flesh while carrying a sixty-two-pound pack up the Chilkoot Pass and along the route beyond.

While such reassuring facts should be kept in mind, it is possible that when we hear the actual facts of how the winter has been passed at Dawson City they will be distressing. This possibility was anticipated by Lieutenant George M. Stoney, of the Pacific Coast Naval Station, in his memorandum filed recently with the Naval Department at Washington recommending the establishment along the Yukon of three relief stations, garrisoned with United States marines, who during the summer would co-operate in doing police duty with the crew of a steel steamer plying on the Yukon. Lieutenant Stoney's recommendations look rather to permanent than to immediate relief, however. Among other measures for immediate relief now under discussion, it is said that Rev. Doctor Sheldon Jackson's plan of using reindeer has met with some favor at Washington. From what has been discussed, as well as from what has actually been done, it seems reasonably certain now that, in spite of the enormous difficulties of penetrating to the gold-fields in midwinter, a relief expedition, such as is now being arranged for by the government, will reach Dawson City with provisions before the exhaustion of the stock now on hand, even if it is as short as it has been made to appear by the most alarming estimates. The greatest danger of loss of life is to be apprehended only if it proves true that there has been an exodus from Dawson City over the mountains so late that parties of unfortunates are snow-bound in the passes or along the rivers before reaching the passes. The distress of such a situation would be so great that it ought not to be lightly anticipated. It is better to take Mr. Adney's cheerful view, and wait for his next letter.

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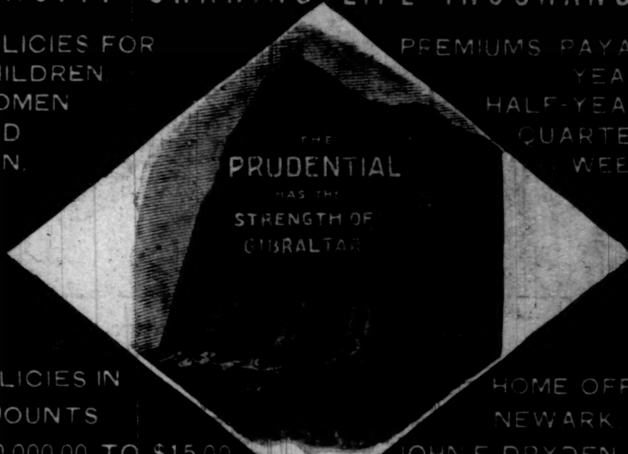

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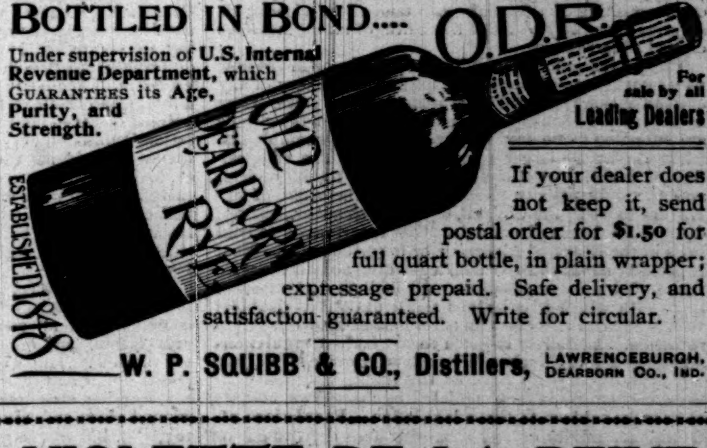

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HUNTING THE MOOSE—"CALLING."—Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock.

NEW DEVICES IN CITY GOVERNMENT.

The attempt to unify into a common system of administration the governments of two large and one considerable municipality, three counties, and a part of two others, and several towns and villages, under a single voluminous enactment going into effect upon a fixed date, is in itself a stupendous experiment of which the consequences cannot be foreseen. Ordinarily such a process of consolidation as takes sudden effect on January 1 for the city of New York would require years of gradual and careful adjustment under the direction of the ablest and most judicious of men. But the ponderous machinery of the new metropolitan government, which has been put together in advance, and is to displace the lesser mechanisms that were the work of years, must be set in motion on the appointed day by the men chosen at a popular election.

While the Mayor's enormous power of untrammelled appointment, which has already been made familiar to the public, is only an extension of what has existed in New York and Brooklyn for some years, there are other enlargements of the authority of the chief magistrate which have been little noticed. As we shall see further on, the power of initiative in all important public works and improvements is to be lodged in an entirely new body, called the Board of Public Improvements. The Mayor and heads of departments appointed by him, without the "advice or consent," officially of anybody else, will constitute more than three-fourths of that board as a working body. All matters of expenditure, the incurring of debt, the levying of assessments, and the terms upon which franchises are to be granted will be virtually in the control of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, and of that board the Mayor and two of his appointees will form a majority. Moreover, the Mayor's power of veto upon the action of the "legislative body" of the city is considerably enlarged. Not only will it require a two-thirds vote to pass a common ordinance over his objections, but no resolution or ordinance involving an expenditure of money, the incurring of debt, the levying of assessments, or the granting of a franchise can take effect without his approval except by a vote of five-sixths of all the members elected to each house.

The power and responsibility of the Mayor in the new government is probably unexampled in the history of any administration regulated by constitutions and laws. How is it with the Municipal Assembly, in which the people are supposed to be doubly represented—by assembly districts and by the larger council districts? The composition of this bicameral body is a reversion to old devices, and the only novelty about it lies in the right of ex-Mayors to sit in the Council, or upper chamber, and the duty of the heads of administrative departments to hold seats in the Board of Aldermen, or lower chamber. What is peculiar about this so-called legislative body is the wide range of powers nominally vested in it, and the restrictions with which it is hedged about until it is doubtful whether it can exercise any other power than one of obstruction. Authority is given to it to adopt regulations affecting a great variety of matters, provided they are not inconsistent with laws of the State; but nearly all these matters are in fact regulated by State laws, and are constantly subject to State legislation. Regulations affecting the affairs of any administrative department or the Board of Public Improvements must not conflict with the legislative powers vested in the departments or in that board, and those are substantially complete with reference to matters with which they are concerned. In matters of public improvement the Municipal Assembly has practically only authority to approve what is instituted by the Board of Public Improvements, and it cannot do anything requiring the expenditure of funds or the issue of bonds for its execution without the approval of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. Under these restrictions and the Mayor's right of veto, the Municipal Assembly may be found impotent, save to refuse its sanction or approval where it is made necessary for the execution of the designs of others.

The new features of most importance in the charter are those which relate to the field of public "works" or "improvements," and the chief novelty is the Board of Public Improvements, the local boards having practically no power except that of petition and recommendation. The division of the city into five boroughs has little administrative significance, except with reference to the educational system. There is practically no power of local government in the boroughs; but the president of each borough, elected by popular vote at the same time with the Mayor, is chairman of the "local boards" in all the districts of his borough, and a member of the Board of Public Improvements of the city. The local board districts are the same as the existing Senate districts and parts of districts within the city; and the boards are made up of the members of the Municipal Assembly—councillors and aldermen resident in the several districts, with the borough president at the head of each. Practically the local boards can only hold meetings, give hearings, consider matters of local improvement and of regulation within their districts, and recommend action to the Board of Public Improvements, or petition for it to the Municipal Assembly. Virtually they constitute a means of getting attention to the requirements and the demands of the various districts, which will still be dependent upon the central authority for having anything done.

This brings us to a consideration of the Board of Public Improvements, which with the Mayor and the Board of Estimate and Apportionment will be the real governing power of the city. This board is to consist of the Mayor, Corporation Counsel, Comptroller, the commissioners of the departments of water-supply, highways, street-cleaning, sewers, public buildings, lighting and supplies, and of bridges, the presidents of the several boroughs, and a president of the board appointed by the Mayor. This is a total membership of fifteen—seven elected and eight appointed officers—but the Mayor, Comptroller, and Corporation Counsel do not count in forming a quorum, and the borough presidents can vote only upon matters relating exclusively to their several boroughs. As a working body, therefore, even when all its members are present, the board will consist of eleven members, of whom the Mayor and his appointees will be nine, the only elected members besides the Mayor being the Comptroller and one borough President.

The body thus constituted will have almost complete power in authorizing, initiating, and executing what is commonly understood as "public works" and "public improvements," and regulating the repairs, and the care and use of them. This will include not only matters of street construction and extension, paving, sewerage, water-supply, lighting, street encroachment and defacement, underground pipes and wires, bridge supervision, public building, etc., but the acquisition of land for parks, tunnels, bridges, and other structures. Nominally the Municipal Assembly may also initiate matters of public improvement, but it must refer each case to the Board of Public Improvements for a report, and if the report is unfavorable it can take no further action except by a vote of five-sixths of both houses and the approval of the Mayor. Nominally, also, the Municipal Assembly must approve of projects of improvement authorized by the board, but as it cannot modify or amend, but must either accept or reject, this amounts merely to a power of obstruction. The regulative ordinances of the board must be submitted to the Assembly for enactment, but it has no power of amendment, and must either enact or reject, and in the latter case must send them back "for further consideration." What is to become of them then the charter saith not. Almost the only administrative department which the Board of Public Improvements does not touch is that of docks, which has a peculiar power and independence of its own, though its relation to some of the others is limited to acquiring land and erecting buildings.

Another board, of which the power assumes vast proportions, is that of Estimate and Apportionment, consisting of the Mayor, Comptroller, Corporation Counsel, president of the Council, and president of the Department of Taxes and Assessments; while three of these five officers are elective, the Mayor and his two appointees are a majority. It will have practically absolute power to determine the annual expenditures of the various departments and of the city as a whole, and consequently to determine the limit of assessment and of taxation; though the annual budget which it makes up must be submitted to the Municipal Assembly for "consideration," that body cannot increase any item, and any reduction it may make will be subject to the Mayor's veto, which can only be overridden by a five-sixths vote. Its acceptance or approval is not required for the budget, or any part of it. No loan can be authorized or bonds issued for any public work without the approval of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, and it therefore has a virtual veto upon the most important action of the Board of Public Improvements and of the several municipal departments. This veto extends to the Municipal Assembly in matters involving expenditure and the incurring of financial obligations. It is specifically provided with reference to the most important occasions for public expenditures that no bonds or other evidences of indebtedness shall be issued under the authority of the Municipal Assembly unless the proposition shall be formally approved by a resolution or vote of a majority of all the members of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. In fact, it has exclusive power over the issue of bonds, and in most cases under the new charter that power will be discretionary, which is to say that public expenditures to be met by loans will have to have the approval in advance of this board.

Minor changes in the city government there is not space to specify, but it will be seen how in all larger matters there is an extraordinary concentration of power and responsibility in the hands of the Mayor, to be exercised mainly through two boards, of which he and his appointees will constitute a controlling majority, and an equally extraordinary hedging about of the authority of the Assembly, which is supposed more closely to represent the people of the various communities constituting the new metropolis, and to be vested with powers of local legislation and regulation. The new government will, in fact, be an extraordinary example of "one-man power," the one man being elected by the people and responsible only to them, with the widest extension of manhood suffrage that exists in the world. The representative principle is virtually centred in the election of Mayor, and then held in suspense for four years.

A. K. Fiske.

AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar Whitney will be absent several months on a sporting tour around the world, including a tour of observation in the West and in Europe, and on a hunting expedition for big game in Siam, which he has undertaken for Harper's Weekly.

During Mr. Whitney's *absence this Department will publish contributions from well-known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.*

THE ATHLETIC NEED OF THE MISSOURI VALLEY.

BY CASPAR WHITNEY.

No surer indication is forth-coming, it seems to me, of the potential value of athletic endeavor of some kind than is provided by the gradual recognition of amateur sport in that section of the Middle West which, for the purposes of this series of papers, I shall call the Valley of the Missouri River. It requires some familiarity with the conditions of living in this particular section, and with the people, fully to appreciate the difficulties that beset athletic progress, and the measure of satisfaction experienced by those who have taken an active part in its development.

Naturally the Missouri Valley is not athletically inclined, and although there are five busy, prosperous cities on the river—Council Bluffs, Omaha, St. Joseph, Kansas City, St. Louis—and ample opportunity for sport of every description, in point of fact there is less of it than in any other part of the United States where similar facilities offer. The relation of physical culture to a successful life, the modern interpretation of *mens sana in corpore sano*, has absolutely no significance for the average Missourian. He is inclined to view all time spent away from the "store" as wasted, and to look upon physical relaxations of any kind as something to be put aside with school-days and marbles.

I shall always remember my first encounter with Missourian intolerance of healthful sport. It followed upon my endeavors to organize a toboggan club (in one of these cities, where I was wintering about ten years ago), and to raise enough money to build a slide. It took two months of continuous and most importunate effort to organize the club and to raise the $600 needful for its equipment. The slide completed, and the exhilaration of the sport known, however, there was not a club member who failed to avail himself of his stock privileges. The Missourian is rather prone to masquerading in an atmosphere that is all forbidding and commercial, but more often than not he is at heart one of the best of fellows, and when his ideas concerning the ethics of sport are clear, among the most loyal of sportsmen.

He turned his face against the modern athletic movement when first it reached the Missouri Valley; he scouted the idea that systematic training of the muscles keeps the brain clear and clean and the body healthful and vigorous; he denounced football as brutal, and the bicycle he proclaimed as a vehicle of the devil. This was about eight years ago, and even no more than three years ago in some sections—for there are certain parts of this valley where modern ideas fall upon sterile soil, and where time-honored prejudices are upheld with uncultured pertinacity. Only two years ago a State Legislature whose sympathy with æsthetic progress reached no farther than it concerned the most fattening feed for hogs discussed a law prohibiting football, and would have made such a one but for the fact that the State university eleven had that season been soundly trounced by a sister State university team, and the honorable educational members thought it best to postpone proscription of the game until victory rested with their university team. But this does not stand for enlightenment throughout the valley.

Sport has made its way slowly, it is true, but much faster than one would have supposed, taking into consideration the amount of bigotry to the square mile. Missouri Valley boys who have gone East to college have brought back the lessons of wholesome sport learned at the *alma mater*, and Eastern men who have accepted Western college professorships have planted the seed of wholesome sport. That this seedling has not invariably—has, indeed, only occasionally—rewarded the solicitude with which it was planted and the care bestowed upon its early nourishment is not to be accepted in token of failure, nor should anxious pride give way to discouragement and chagrin. The venturesome pioneer who seeks the land of promise for a new and virile soil is not disappointed if scanty returns result from his utmost endeavors of the first two or three years. He must needs first clear the land of its timber, then temper the soil to the character of grain he proposes planting, ere he may even sow the seed of hope. He knows that several years of careful cultivation will be necessary before the full possibilities of the ground are realized, and he pursues his course uncomplaining and ever hopeful.

The pioneer of amateur sport has filled and continues filling a similar rôle, and he has quite as uncompromising land to reclaim. Too often, however, he lacks the patience of his agricultural prototype. Having cleared off the timber, so to say, he looks for a gratifying crop to follow immediately upon his first sowing of the seed of sport for sport's sake. It seems difficult for him to realize that the soil which he would cultivate is of the most obstinate nature and cannot be expected to yield to the first planting.

That there is any amateur sport in the Missouri Valley attests the great human interest and beneficence in the modern athletic movement, which is too strong to be held back by provincial prejudice; that some, most, of the sport is wholesome is due to the unflagging interest and efforts of a comparatively few, and to the healthful sentiment which I am convinced makes a home in the heart of the majority of American boys. The first organized amateur sport of the Missouri Valley was very properly at the colleges—but, very improperly, it was not of a wholesome character.

Those were the days of the Kansas, Baker, and Washburn colleges' triangular league, which began in '89, and, I believe, extended to '92, when it was succeeded by the present four-cornered league, which is membered by the State universities of Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, and Iowa. The triangular league concerned itself more with the winning of football games than with the implanting of a healthful athletic spirit. Teams were, in consequence, got together with the main purpose of winning solely in view. Baker University, being left out of the four-cornered league, set out as a free lance in '93 with as strong a team as a total disregard of the ethics of amateur sport would permit, and defeated about every eleven encountered. The following year the faculty of Baker University perpetuated some characteristically Missouri Valley legislation by forbidding football play, instead of grappling with the professionalism that their own connivance in the beginning and indifference towards the last had permitted, even encouraged, to thrive. Of that famous Baker eleven we have not heard the end even to this day. It has left its professional trail in widely separated districts, and there has been much disturbance in college athletic circles at different times because of some of its best players.

Athletic activity in the Missouri Valley is confined almost exclusively to the colleges. It is an illustration of the lack of sporting spirit in this section that there is not one athletic club deserving mention as a co-laborer in the cause of honest amateur sport. Kansas City and St. Joseph have no athletic club of any description, though each has a thoroughly appointed Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, which here does the good work for the mental and moral welfare of young men it does wherever it is located. Omaha pretends to an athletic club, but it is hardly heard of at home, much less abroad.

St. Louis has shamefully abused its opportunities. It has had two excellent clubs within five years, and both passed into athletic decay because their officials were wanting in genuine wholesome amateur spirit. Each at one time held games, and was well supported; one had a handsome club-house, and for a time combated the Sunday "sporting" element; the other was dominated from the very beginning by the element which delights in Sunday games, and both fell into disgrace among the right sort of people because of it. An effort is now making to revive one of these clubs, but unless the Sunday sporting element is cast out, success will not reward its sponsors.

St. Louis has always been a breeding-place for Sunday games and other kindred "sporting" elements. The atmosphere does not seem conducive to wholesome amateur sport, simply because the right sort of men have not been interested in it. Sportsmen are not lacking in St. Louis, as the Country Club with its polo teams gives ample proof; but a different sort has been responsible for the rise of athletics, and, too, for its downfall. It is too bad there should not be track athletics in St. Louis, considering the climatic conditions and the material, scholastic and collegiate. We might even wish the Country Club would found an athletic annex.

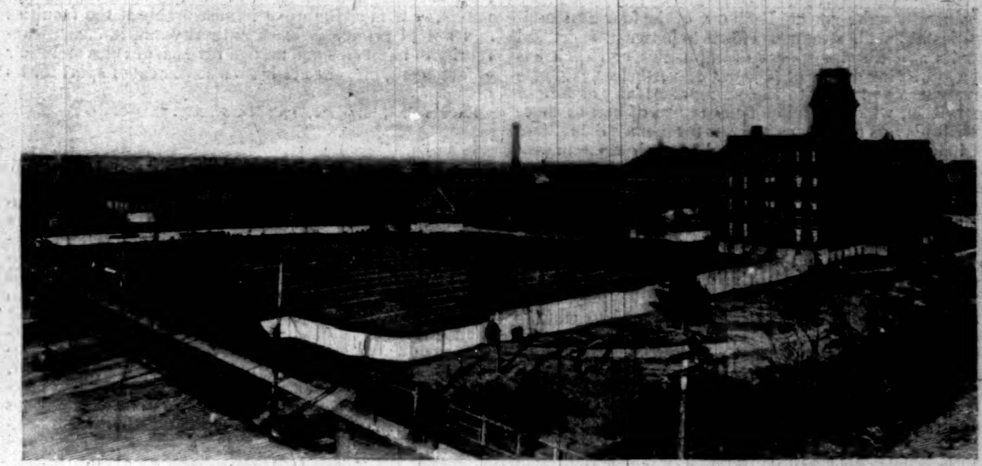
Kansas City has never had an athletic club, to my knowledge, though it has followed the lead of its older rival down the river and established a country club with a very excellent golf-links of nine holes. Kansas City, too, has just indulged in its first horse show, which was a most creditable affair in quality of exhibits and quantity of exhibitors and spectators. Horse shows are no novelty in Missouri, however, for the State holds I know not how many fairs during the year, at which horse is the chief attraction and principal topic of conversation. Besides, every other Missourian loves a good horse and knows one when he sees it. Still, horse shows on the modern plan are new in Kansas City, and perhaps they suggest a new era in sport generally.

I doubt, however, if athletic clubs will thrive at Kansas City, Omaha, or St. Joseph for several years to come, or, to be somewhat more definite, until the schools have developed sufficient athletic interest to make such clubs possible. If the coming five years mark the progress in this direction recorded in the last five, then within that time may we look for the establishment of such clubs. I sometimes think it would be well for the cause of amateur sport were there to be no athletic clubs until a clearer conception of its ethics is had by the class of men usually responsible for their organization. The clubs at present in existence which may be said not to be a positive menace to healthful sport are so few that they may be counted on the fingers of one hand. However, that will all be bettered by-and-by. Meantime the popular conception of the ethics of amateur sport is growing clearer and more wholesome. One must make the complete tour of these United States, as I twice have, to really appreciate the great improvement, or I should say the great spread of knowledge on this subject, in the last half-dozen years.

Six years ago sport west of the Atlantic coast, and in even some parts of the extreme Eastern shore-line, had no meaning whatever beyond being the means of administering defeat to a rival, or winning a bet either through individual or team performance. Sport as the means to the end of healthful relaxation, as physical culture, sport for sport's sake, had literally no significance for the average man or boy who played football. It is because I have distinguished in my travels the beginning of a sentiment of sport for its own sake that I am perhaps a trifle optimistic. Only a beginning of the sentiment, 'tis true, but that means speedy development; for the attractions of honest clean sport, once felt, are many and seductive.

Although athletic clubs in the Missouri Valley are an inconsequential factor in the athletic situation, yet there are many teams and much play outside the colleges in Nebraska, Missouri, and Iowa, but particularly in Kansas. Within the past two years the ever-present rivalry between towns of the same State, and the growing sporting spirit, have resulted in the organization of town football elevens and baseball nines, which have played one another, not, however, in any especial order or under any league's auspices. These teams are not professional, so called; they pretend to be amateur, and are so for the most part. The *bona fide* residents of the town are depended upon to supply the team with candidates, but the custom of persuading an expert to temporary residence is not unusual—especially if the home talent fails to equal expectations and the rivalry runs high. These teams apparently owe allegiance to no association; they follow the playing-rules of the Western colleges, but their ethics are individual, and, to the Eastern mind, unique.

But the Missouri Valley holds a more healthful indication of the growing interest in sport in the very keen rivalry and excellent play furnished by the college preparatory and city public schools. This is something quite recent in Western sport, and in this section, at all events, it has attained considerable importance. The high-school teams of the various cities, although unorganized into a league, meet annually, but not in any regular order, it being usual to arrange games entirely according to local sentiment for the time being, and accessibility. The



NEBRASKA UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC FIELD.

UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS ATHLETIC FIELD.

schools most prominent in this inter-scholastic sport are those of Kansas City, Ottawa, Atchison, Topeka, Columbia, Jefferson City.

Properly directed, this inter-scholastic play will be a telling incentive to college sport in the Missouri Valley, and a recruiting-field of much value. At the present time it is not properly directed. The boys have absolute control of all the matters connected with the business end, and are under no evident supervision of the school principals or of any of the teachers. That there is frequent departure from wholesome methods might be expected. It is not unusual to palm off an outsider as a *bona fide* school member, and last autumn the Kansas City High-School maintained a training-table and charged the boys nothing.

The need of these schools and the need throughout the colleges of the Missouri Valley is much closer faculty supervision in some instances, and in others honest faculty intention. It is a fact that some faculties in this section have deliberately used their football teams as a means of advertising their colleges. It is entirely true, and abundant evidence supports the statement, that some of the college presidents consider the winning of their team paramount to the health of the game or to the ethics of the team's *personnel*. The rivalry between State colleges and between colleges of the same State is very keen, and in some instances has so intensified the desire to win as to entirely disregard means.

This is not to say that the ethics of college athletics in this section are generally bad. The reverse is true, since they are generally quite good. Each one of the four State universities has made strenuous efforts to better its sport and clear its athletic atmosphere of impurities, and each has had a gratifying degree of success. Nevertheless, evidence is every now and again forth-coming of a laxity of faculty supervision, which permits of the return of one or more football-players on very easy terms for them. Sometimes the inducement comes from local alumni; sometimes it comes as the result of a subscription which the local tradesmen without college affiliations and the local alumni without ethical sense have jointly raised. Such manœuvring is not the rule, but the exception, which proves that occasions do arise when more resolute opposition by faculties would be timely and beneficial.

The duty of high-school principals and of college faculties in the Missouri Valley is plainly marked out. It is to stop these lapses into professionalism, and to educate their pupils along the lines of honest amateur sport. Ethical ignorance is dense and widespread, and must be enlightened if the standard of amateur sport in the Missouri Valley is to reach that raised, a little farther East, at the leading universities of the Middle West. The Iowa colleges appear to have maintained the highest standard of those in the Missouri Valley section, and the only team to have been from first to last above criticism is that of the Haskell Indian School, which puts forth very good teams in both baseball and football.

The most notable improvement made by the colleges of this section since my last visit, two years ago, is in the now almost general abandonment of the practice of playing coaches as regular members of the college football teams. A limit rule of four years has also been made by the colleges of the four-cornered State league. Both these rules are fairly well respected.

The most important rule, however, to healthful college sport—*i. e.*, a scholarship standard which athletes must maintain to be eligible to any team—has not yet been adopted. This and a one year's residence rule are sorely needed, especially where such an institution is to be encountered as the University Medical College, of Missouri. The '97 eleven of this college, which I saw in practice at Exposition Field, Kansas City, yesterday, is an extreme illustration of the course of sport in this section, where faculty supervision is lax, or, as in this case, entirely wanting. On the team I saw were Heller and Pendleton, both professionals, as is well known in the West. And that fact, too, of itself, is another illustration of faculty tolerance. Here are these two men, well known to have coached for money, and to be what we of the East call football rounders, and yet they are permitted to play without a word of protest from any one of the several Missouri Valley college presidents who profess much earnestness in their wish to raise the general athletic tone.

Lest they have the excuse of "no evidence" in this particular case, I submit the record of these two men. Both of them played on that well-known Baker eleven of '93, which was generally regarded as of a very low ethical order. On the abandonment of football at Baker both went to Colorado, where in '94 Pendleton coached the State School of Mines at Boulder, while Heller coached the State University at Golden. Northwestern University, at Evanston, Illinois, secured the playing services of Pendleton in '95, making his Eastern trip and sojourn inexpensive to him. But the next year he went West again, and played on the college team of which he is at present a member. The Denver Athletic Club got Heller a position at Denver, and he remained there in '95 and '96, playing both years on the club's eleven. This year, as stated, he is at the Kansas City Medical College. Heller, and, I believe, Pendleton also, are to be depended on to do the Medical College coaching as well as playing, and if Kansas, Iowa, Missouri, and Nebraska universities permit their teams to meet the Medical eleven, it will be a decided set-back in the ethical progression, which, although slow enough in all conscience, has at least been continuous.

The impression I retain most vividly as the result of my present visit to the Missouri Valley is the evident and pressing desire that the teams be (above all) winning ones. This desire, so urgent that it becomes first intention, sweeps through the town, alumni, undergraduates, and, except where its members are most resolute, through the faculties. It is evidenced largely in the return of old players, and in the efforts made to secure their return. And this is apparent at some universities where, I am convinced, the general trend is wholesome, and the faculty desirous of maintaining healthful sport. Kansas University, for instance, has a president who is fully in sympathy with clean sport, and works continuously in that direction. But whether he is outvoted in the faculty or outwitted by alumni and the undergraduates, it is a fact that too many old players return to Kansas apparently for football—at least such is the impression given by the exploitation of men like Gaines and Hammill.

Gaines played in '92 and '93 with Baker, '94 he left college, '95 played for Kansas, '96 he settled in business, and now, in '97, he is back again at Kansas. Hammill played '92 and '93 with Kansas, in '94 he joined the notorious Ottawa Athletic Club, '95 he returned to Kansas, and in '96 captained the 'varsity eleven. At the opening of the present year there were no old players returned, whereupon Woodruff (ex-Pennsylvania guard and present Kansas coach) set forth on a recruiting tour, and returned with about half a dozen of the old men.

No canon of the ethics of sport may have been violated in all this, but it looks suspicious, and, what is yet more reprehensible, it exerts a truly demoralizing influence on Missouri Valley college sport.

Of the quality of football and baseball, it is much improved, although considerably below the grade played at Chicago and Michigan universities. Baseball does not attract so much as football, and track athletics draw but little general attention. Each of the four State universities has a field-day, but there is no general meeting. The football is too frequently unnecessarily rough—*i. e.*, slugging is too prominent in important games. This is because of the crudity of the players and the lack of decision on the part of the umpires. Good officials are very hard to get, and poor officials are plentiful and demoralizing. Disputes off the field of play are gratifyingly infrequent, schedules and discussions over rules being settled well in advance. A most healthful condition.

Really the situation in the Missouri Valley is most hopeful, but it cannot remain stationary. Either it must change for the worse, if the faculties continue indifferent or impotent, or it must improve immeasurably if the faculties and school principals exert authority and influence—authority to insist on some needed revision of rules and their enforcement, influence to instil a sentiment of sport for its own sake.

Kansas City, Missouri, *September 30, 1897.*

FOOTBALL AT WEST POINT.

Those who follow college football are gradually becoming accustomed to hear West Point spoken of as a worthy rival of Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania, and Harvard, and to see her team ranked at the close of each season in the first class of football teams. In spite of this fact, however, less is known, by the followers of football in general, of the conditions which prevail at West Point than of those at almost any of the other prominent institutions of learning in the East. Generally speaking, a college football team devotes from two to four hours a day, from early in September until the closing game, to thorough and hard practice, to say nothing of the hours spent in planning plays and in signal-work. If under such ordinary conditions West Point put first-class teams on the field, even then her record would have been surprising, considering the fact that football has been played there seriously for only about six years; yet when the actual time the candidates have for practice is known, and the many difficulties which they have to encounter are realized and appreciated, her record is one of which West-Pointers can well be proud, and football men in general must regard with interest and appreciation.

It is the object of this article, without touching upon the splendid individual work of the West Point players during the past few years, to outline the football situation at West Point, and to touch upon the conditions as they exist there to-day, and have existed ever since the cadets have been allowed to play games with teams from other institutions.

When the candidates come together for the first time, at the beginning of the season, the outlook is not particularly encouraging. Only the men who have played on the first team the year before can be relied upon to know how to begin; for the scrubs have had virtually to look out for themselves, as the entire attention of the captain and coach must always be given to the regular team during the short practice hours. The men who appear on the field come from all parts of the country, and very few of them have had any preliminary training whatever. The football training and experience which are obtained at Andover, Exeter, Lawrenceville, and other preparatory schools, and which send men to the colleges well along in football knowledge, are not found in the candidates for a West Point team. This deficiency is partially made up, however, by the splendid spirit with which the cadets go into their work, and the quickness with which they master the rudiments of the game. The first Saturday afternoon in September the preliminary practice begins. The first game takes place on the first Saturday in October, so the four Saturday afternoons in September are the only opportunities the men have to get into their football clothes before they must measure their strength with opponents who have been practising regularly every day for three weeks at least. During September the football squad runs after reveille—this, from experience, I can state is *before* six o'clock in the morning—and there are twenty minutes after dinner, at noon, during which the centre can practise snapping the ball to a quarter-back, or the men can practise in catching punts; but the uniforms of the cadets make real practice almost impossible at this time. The four Saturday afternoons are diligently spent in practice of all rudimentary kinds, and by the end of September the team is virtually selected. It is hard, during this limited time, to give the team anything more than an idea of what is expected of it, yet it is sufficient to make any one who has those men in charge feel an inspiration in his work and a confidence in the team. With such a preliminary season as this, I imagine that Yale or Princeton would go against any team with a feeling of diffidence. During October the opportunities for practice do not improve. Every Saturday a game is played with a college team, and the only practice which can be had is on Wednesday afternoons, from about twenty minutes after four until dark, which is a short hour at the best, and as the season advances this time grows shorter. If it should happen to rain on other afternoons enough to prevent drill, that time may be utilized on short notice. There are twenty minutes which are used for signal practice in the gymnasium after supper. These opportunities for practice and for playing prevail until the close of the season in November. Any university team is in fully as good football condition as the cadets are when the first game of the season is played, and it should be remembered that there are likely to be more well-developed men in a university of two thousand than among the three or four hundred at West Point.

Later in the season the more constant practice and greater number of games rather give the college players the advantage. The schedule of the West Point team is always a difficult one to handle. There are generally three climaxes which must be prepared for. Take, for instance, the last season. On October 16 was the Harvard game, on October 30 the Yale game, and on November 20 the Brown game, which has been looked upon as important simply in defining West Point's position in the final rating. These games must be carefully prepared for, and it will not do for West Point to play loosely in any one of them, for a team which is newly prominent must play its best all the time, and that best must be effective, else its reputation will suffer. In this respect the best colleges are allowed more latitude. With a season thus broken up, it is no easy matter for a team to show consistent and steady improvement. The schedules of Harvard or Princeton, for instance, show a gradual working up to the objective games, and so long as the teams are fit for their final battles all else is forgiven. Yet, in spite of the ups and downs of her schedule, and in spite of other difficulties mentioned, West Point showed steady improvement throughout the past season—played stronger and surer each game, and finished a most successful season by administering a crushing and lasting defeat (42–0) to Brown's best team, and in the best condition in which that team had been during the season. Brown had proved herself a dangerous opponent to all the leaders. It is earnestly hoped by all West-Pointers that the time is not far distant when they will be accorded the privilege of meeting, at the end of the season, one of the big teams in championship form. West Point's natural rival is Annapolis, but for so long as it is not deemed advisable for these teams to meet, West Point must look elsewhere for her final game.

Amateur sport exists in its perfection at West Point. It is absolutely impossible for any one but a cadet in good standing in all departments to appear on the football-field as a player representing West Point. There is no admission-fee to the games, and nothing to smack of money in any way except in the guarantee paid to the visiting team to cover its expenses. This guarantee comes from a fund made up from personal subscription by West Point men. The spectators are made up almost entirely of the officers at the post and their families and friends. Nothing but clean, honest, manly football is permitted to be played by the visiting team or the cadets. No decision of the officials is ever questioned openly, and the men who assist in this way are always treated with the utmost respect and consideration. The plain makes a perfect field, and the spectators view the game from chairs placed behind the ropes. When all is ready for an important game, and the teams come on the field, the whole scene makes a picture well worth seeing. Each game is an example of football at its best, and should be copied, as far as possible, by every college team which has the pleasure of playing the cadets. The testimony of the men who play against West Point is the best evidence as to the kind of football played by the cadets. The expression is always of praise and satisfaction, no matter what the result of the game may be.

The credit for West Point's success in football is due, first, to the cadets, who have not only played but assisted in every possible way, and, secondly, to the able and efficient management of the association of officers, who have insisted upon the best and cleanest kind of sport. Without this assistance the teams which have represented West Point could not have been produced. The coaching at West Point has in the past been mostly done by Yale men, and a strict adherence to their system of play accounts for the consistent progress made by the teams. Now that recent graduates of West Point, who have played on the team, are being stationed there, and are therefore able to co-operate with the officers who have football in charge, West Point is beginning to look entirely after her own coaching, and under this system the teams will continue to improve.

The West Point football season of 1897 shows an advance in all departments. The record of the team is better than it has ever been before, and its schedule was representative. The team has played straight football. It had few plays, but it played them well, and that is the only trick worth knowing in football. The team was strong in every position, and the team-play excellent. The final game was played without a fumble of any kind, and the offensive work was irresistible. The defence prevented almost any gain by its opponents, and the game played by West Point, as a whole, was easily the best of her season. This game in itself justified the fall's work, and proved that games played with other teams during the season showed simply the strength of the West-Pointers at the time of each game, and by no means the limit of the team's capacity. The team that won so decisively from Brown was a much stronger and better team in every way than the team which played Yale. This consistent improvement on the part of West Point makes it illogical and unfair to compare the West Point team as it plays in October with the form the best college teams show in their closing games. West Point at the end of the season is stronger than she is at any other time. The games played prove it, and in any final rating she should be given consideration for this improvement and the proved capacity of her team. To any one who examines the details, it will clearly appear that the game played by West Point against Brown on November 20 showed better football than the game Cornell put up against Pennsylvania a few days afterward. The latter game was the more prominent, in the same way that a Pennsylvania-West Point game would have been more prominent than a Cornell-Brown game. The reason of such an overwhelming defeat for Brown's best team at the hands of West Point was that West Point was the strongest team Brown had faced—stronger than Yale or Harvard or Pennsylvania when Brown played them. Probably no other team suffers as much as West Point's does from inaccurate reports. Accounts of games played at West Point, which are written by reporters who have not seen the game played, can scarcely give a true line on the playing or on the men who played. Her team has been able to do in a few years what it has taken some other teams longer to accomplish. By fair means, and against odds, she has won for herself recognition as of the first class. She has turned out teams and players which have been an honor to football, and her future in this branch of sport will be watched with great interest.

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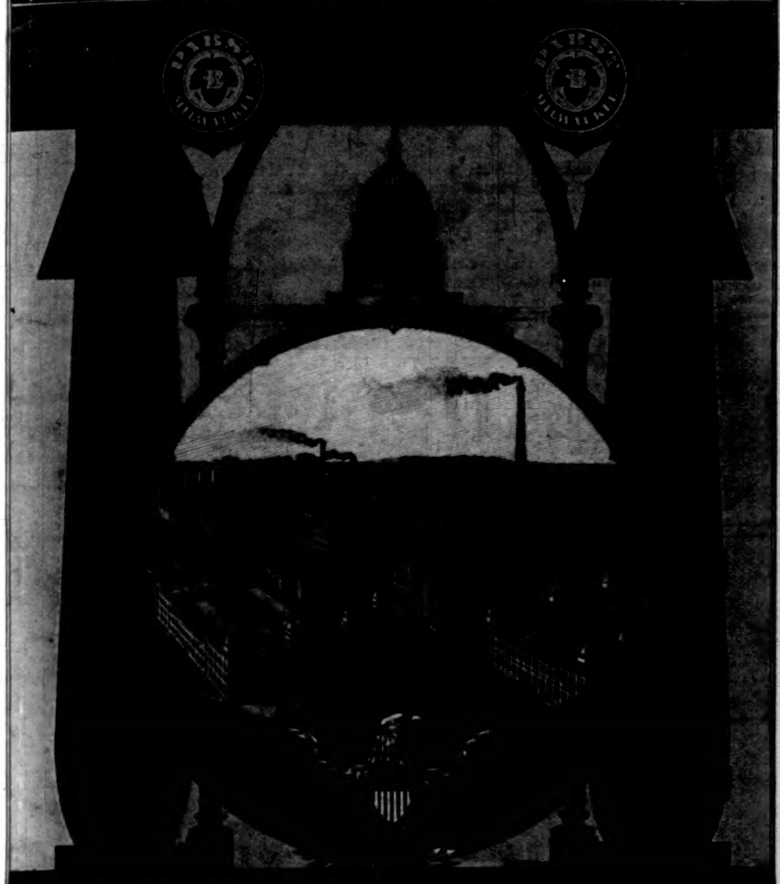

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